This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

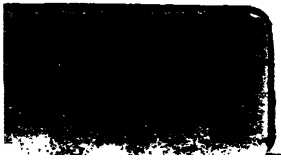
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE SPINGARN COLLECTION
OF
CRITICISM AND LITERARY THEORY
PRESENTED BY
J. E. SPINGARN



NAL
Knapp

(Knapp)

Dup. to
Be Kept NAUR

Hindu Philosopher.

LETTERS

OF

SHAHCOOLEN,

A

HINDU PHILOSOPHER,

RESIDING IN

PHILADELPHIA;

TO HIS FRIEND

EL HASSAN,

AN INHABITANT OF

DELHI.

BOSTON,
PRINTED BY RUSSELL AND CUTLER.
(PROPRIETORS OF THE WORK.)
1802.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
289392A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

TO

THE HON. John Quincy Adams, ESQUIRE,

WHOSE

ATTAINMENTS AS A SCHOLAR,

AND

INTELLIGENCE AS A STATESMAN AND CIVILIAN,

HAVE

DESERVEDLY RANKED HIM AMONG THE

FIRST POLITICAL

AND

LITERARY CHARACTERS

OF

AMERICA;

THIS VOLUME,

CONTAINING PURE *MORALS*, CORRECT *POLITICS*,

AND ELEGANT *LITERATURE*,

IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated,

As a Teſtimony of the Admiration and Eſteem of his

Obedient Servants,

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE Letters which are preſented to the publick, in this little Volume, were never deſigned, by the writer, for any other than a newſpaper exiſtence.

IT was therefore expected, that they would ſlide into oblivion, along with the other *ephemeral* productions, which conſtantly iſſue from the preſſes of our Country.

FULLY impreſſed with this idea, the author gave way to that *eaſy negligence*, which is admiſſible in fugitive pieces, but ought never to be indulged by a writer, who preſents himſelf at the bar of Criticiſm, and challenges the applauſe of poſterity.

FINDING that a plan was already matured, at Boſton, to give theſe letters the more durable form of a Volume, the author has corrected ſuch errors as preſented themſelves upon a ſecond peruſal; and ſince he could not prevent the intended publication, he has attempted to ſave the Criticks as much trouble as poſſible.

STILL he is ſenſible, that imperfect health, numerous avocations, and a haſty review, may have left many errors undetected.

FOR theſe, his only apology is, that the trifling productions which compoſe this little book, would never have claimed a place upon the Bookſeller's ſhelf, had not the ſentiments of the publiſhers been more favorable to them, than his own.

CONTENTS.

LETTER		PAGE
I.	GENERAL account of the new Philoſophy - -	13
II.	MARY WOOLSTONECRAFT. - - - - - - - -	21
III.	MARY WOOLSTONECRAFT. - - - - - - - -	29
IV.	Practical influence of her writings upon the women of the UNITED STATES. - - - - - -	39
V.	State of the female ſex in the UNITED STATES. -	49
VI.	State of American Poetry—American Poets, extracts from their writings. - - - - - - -	63
VII.	Scenes of nature in America; calculated to excite poetical enthuſiaſm; compariſon of them with thoſe of Hinduſtan - - - - - - - -	80
VIII.	Selections from Hindu Poetry; remarks. - -	91
IX.	Poetry of the ſcriptures; Solomon's Song; Reſemblance between it and the *Gitogavinda* of *Jayadeva*. - - - - - - - - - - - -	68
X.	Solomon's Song conſidered as a Poem; Selections from it. - - - - - - - - - - - -	106
XI.	Attachment of the writer to Poetry;—Selections from the Gitagovinda. - - - - - -	114
XII.	Selections from the Gitagovinda continued. - -	126
XIII.	Dialogue with a modern Philoſopher. - - - -	138
XIV.	Dialogue with a modern Philoſopher continued. -	146

SHAHCOOLEN.

Letter First.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THOU knoweſt how, breaking through that cuſtom of my country, which confines the HINDU* to his native ſoil, and yielding to my ruling paſſion, the love of knowledge, I left the delightful fields of AGRA, where fragrance floats in every breeze, and beauty glows in every proſpect, and ſteered my courſe to the Britiſh Iſles.—Thou knoweſt, how I explored every European region, from rocky and inhoſpitable Norway, to the luxuriant plains of Sicily; noting in my progreſs, the various ſhades of character and manners, and tranſmitting thee, from time to time, the ſtory of my travels.

* There is no inconſiſtency in the ſuppoſition that a *Hindu Philoſopher* has left his country for a ſeaſon. It is indeed the policy of the Hindu religion, government and manners, to bind the people to their country; but a man of an enlightened and enterpriſing mind may eaſily be ſuppoſed to break through ſuch a cuſtom in purſuit of knowledge.

PURSUING still the favourite object of my life, I am now fixed for a ſeaſon, in this great city, the emporium of this weſtern world.

THOU remembereſt that I told thee of a new ſect of Philoſophers, lately ariſen in Europe, who profeſs to teach mankind, in a mode entirely new, the way to virtue, and to happineſs. The eſtabliſhed laws, religion, manners and maxims of their country they condemn; and teach, that man, by nature perfect, needs but to follow nature's impulſe; and *his own* energies will carry him to virtue and to glory.

THIS new Philoſophy has ſpread, in a greater or leſs degree, over the whole of civilized Europe, and it is *inculcated*, and believed by multitudes in America.

TO a Hindu, who has been taught from his cradle, to believe implicitly the holy BRAMINS, to copy the manners of his anceſtors, and to venerate the religion of the great BRUMMA, ſuch doctrines appear impious and horrible.

BUT thou muſt not think, that I am in a country like Hinduſtan.

HERE the God of the land, whom they call JEHOVAH; his ſon and the partner of his throne, JESUS CHRIST, *the* SAVIOUR; and a third perſon of the Godhead, *the* SANCTIFIER; thus reſembling the three great emanations of the divine Brumma, are every day inſulted and blaſphemed.—Their holy VEDA and SHAHSTAH, denominated the BIBLE, are not only oppoſed by argument, but made the ſubject of ſtanding ridicule; they are quoted and alluded to, *in the expreſſion* of their moſt lewd and profane conceptions; and many, affecting a peculiar brilliancy of wit, repeat, with the moſt blaſphemous levity, ſuch paſſages of theſe ſacred books, as appear, even to my mind, replete with holy grandeur.

THE Bramins or Prieſts, whom we in Hinduſtan venerate and love, whoſe perſons and employment we believe too ſacred to be made the theme of familiar diſcourſe, are here loaded with obloquy

and contempt, charged with ſuch nefarious deſigns, as are imputed by us, only to the deſpiſed vagabonds of the CAST of *Harri*.

THE pagodas or temples, in which *we* place the image of the great *Brumma*, of *Vavaſwata*, of *Mahadeva*, and of the other Gods, into which we never enter without ablution, and from which we never depart without proſtrate devotion, are here thrown open upon common and profane occaſions. In them they aſſemble to debate concerning their public affairs; to elect their Rajahs and Sultans; and ſometimes, to exhibit a ſtrange kind of performance, called a comedy or tragedy, in which the ſcenes of real life are profeſſedly exhibited, perſons and manners are ridiculed, blood is ſhed, and war waged in jeſt.

THOU knoweſt that a Hindu never ſpeaks of his Sultan, but with the moſt reverential reſpect; his character he always defends; his mandates he ever obeys; and his death he ſincerely de-

plores. The Sultan is conſidered, by the Hindu, as the head, the prince and the father of his people; and to enable him to promote his people's welfare, their lives, their talents and their fortunes are placed entirely at his diſpoſal. His glory is their glory, and his proſperity their happineſs.

BUT in this country the Sultan is the *ſervant of the people*. By them, his merits are freely diſcuſſed, his failings magnified, and his virtues diminiſhed; he is the jeſt of every vulgar tongue; his meaſures are examined, cenſured and oppoſed; and, as he is indebted to the people for his elevation, ſo he depends upon them for the exiſtence of his dignity; and therefore, deſcends from his precarious throne, whenever *his ſovereigns, the people*, ſee fit to direct.

I AM told that the ſtate of things which I have deſcribed, is imputed in part, to the influence of the new philoſophy. It is the ſpirit of this philoſophy to reduce all things to one common level; to pull down the Gods from their thrones, and

to trample the kings of the earth in the duſt. It interferes in every concern of public, and of private life; and aims at a total change in every department of ſociety.

A SYSTEM of philoſophy ſo ſingular, and which has already produced very extenſive and fatal effects, cannot be unintereſting to a philoſopher.

I SHALL therefore, my dear El Haſſan, endeavour to trace the operations of this new philoſophy, upon the affairs of this weſtern world; and ſhall not fail to communicate my diſcoveries, connected with ſuch other intereſting remarks, as have probably never reached the walls of DELHI, nor employed before, the contemplations of a *Hindu Philoſopher*.

THOU, who inhabiteſt a country, whoſe laws, cuſtoms and ideas, are immutably fixed, wilt learn with aſtoniſhment, that no cuſtom is here ſo ſacred, and no doctrine ſo venerable, as to be ſecure againſt the innovations of the new philoſophy.

For a number of years it has filled the fineſt countries of Europe with deſolation and carnage; and thoſe regions; which it has not ravaged, have been rent aſunder by factions; every man has taken his ſide, and, not unfrequently, members of the ſame family, and partners of the ſame houſe, are ſeen in oppoſite ranks.

THE latter part of this deſcription is applicable to America. Even here, the moſt diſtant regions of the empire, although equally remote from each other, as the mountains of *Kuttner* from the mouths of the *Ganges*, are hailing, with the moſt extravagant exultation, the firſt dawnings of the NEW illumination.

THE new philoſophy is the ruling topic of diſcuſſion; it is perpetually conteſted and advocated, by the learned and the great; while the loweſt claſſes of ſociety, of the ſame degree as thoſe in Hinduſtan of the caſts of *Sudder* and *Harri*, implicitly believe the dogmas, which they are taught.

NOT the muſic of NARED, ſhould he

tune to ſweeteſt harmony his heavenly lyre, nor the melodious numbers of the ſiſters GOPIA, ſinging, by moon-light, in the fragrant groves of the ſacred mountain *Goverdhan*, would be able to allure a *modern Philoſopher* from theſe bewildering ſpeculations. May the almighty Brumma illuminate the mind of my dear El Haſſan, and preſerve him till he ſhall again receive the embraces of his faithful

SHAHCOOLEN.

Letter Second.

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

FALSE philoſophy, ſtriving to impreſs upon mankind the conviction, that it ſoars above common pleaſures, and common ideas, has ever affected to deſpiſe and to degrade that ſex, which the great BRUMMA has given us to alleviate, by their delightful tenderneſs, all the pains, and to animate all the joys of this life. Knowing, as thou doſt, my warm partiality for this lovlieſt, beſt part of creation, thou canſt not be ſurpriſed, that in all the countries through which I have paſſed, their happineſs has been among the earlieſt ſubjects of my inveſtigation.

KNOW then, that a total renovation of the female character, and a deſtination in ſociety, totally new, is one grand object contemplated by that new philoſophy, of which, in my laſt epiſtle, I gave ſome ſmall account.

MARY Woolſtonecraft, a female philoſopher of the *new ſchool*, has written, within theſe few years paſt, a book, which ſhe named "*A vindication of the Rights of Woman;*" compoſed, for the expreſs purpoſe of rouſing her ſex from their inglorious repoſe, and of ſtimulating them to a vigorous exertion of their native *energies*.

SHE diſcards all that ſexual tenderneſs, delicacy and modeſty, which conſtitute the female loveline ſs; boldly pronounces them equal to the rougher ſex in every thing but bodily ſtrength; and even imputes their deficiency, in this particular, principally to a falſely refined education. She aſſerts that a huſband is a *paltry* bauble, compared with *the attainments of reaſon;* that the female ſhould be ſubject, or ſuperior to the male, juſt in proportion to thoſe attainments; and that the want of them conſtitutes the only obligation for the ſubmiſſion of the wife to the huſband. This female philoſopher indignantly rejects the idea of a ſex in the ſoul, pronouncing the ſenſibility, timidity and

tenderneſs of women, to be merely artificial refinements of character, introduced and foſtered by men, to render ſenſual pleaſure more voluptuous. She indeed profeſſes a high regard for chaſtity; but unfortunately the practice of her life was at war with her precepts. She admitted one *ſentimental lover* after another, to the full fruition of her charms, and proved the *attainments* of *reaſon*, to be, in her view, ſources of pleaſure, far inferior, in value, to the pleaſures of ſenſe.

IN ſhort, polluted as ſhe was by the *laſt crime* of woman, MARY ſtepped forth as the champion and reformer of her ſex; ſhe wiſhed to ſtrip them of every thing feminine, and to aſſimilate them, as faſt as poſſible, to the maſculine character.

O, MY dear El Haſſan, how oppoſite her views to every thing, which *we* deem lovely in the ſex! O, lovely ALAGRA, the brighteſt gem that ſparkles on the beauteous plains of AGIMERE, how would thy virgin ſoul ſhrink back at the contemplation of a female ſoul *unſexed* a man in female form!

A COMPLETE exhibition of the regenerating ſyſtem of this female lunatic, would fatigue thy patience, and occupy too large a portion of theſe epiſtles.

so ſingular, however, is her ſyſtem and ſo directly oppoſed to the received opinions of mankind, that I cannot refrain from tracing an imperfect outline. Not ſatisfied with maſculine ideas, and maſculine habits, Mary Wolſtonecraft wiſhed, as the conſummation of female independence, to introduce the ſex into the Camp, the Roſtrum and the Cabinet; and although ſhe does not recommend a total dereliction of *the houſehold good*, ſtill ſhe would not cramp the female energies by an occupation ſo much beneath their dignity, except ſo far, as ſtern neceſſity commands.

SHE ſeriouſly advocates the right of female repreſentation—for in this country, and in ſome parts of Europe, the right of repreſentation, which in an epiſtle from England, I have already explained, is fully eſtabliſhed.

SUPPOSE, my dear friend, that a band of female representatives, beautiful as the thirty RAGINIS,* who, crowned with flowery wreaths, dance to the muse of NARED, among the spicy groves of MALDOOVAN, should mix with a Legislative band; would not the cares of Legislation be excluded by the witchcraft of love! The charms of the fair Orator would plead more powerfully than her tongue, and gallantry would induce compliance, where reason would have stimulated to strenuous opposition.

IN the Cabinet, their sway would be still more complete. Smiles, tears and sighs would decide the fate of nations; and beauty would direct the march of armies on the frontiers, and the course of navies upon the ocean.

IT is true that in *defensive* war *only*, Miss Woolstonecraft indulges the idea, which even *she* allows to be an enthusiastic one, of seeing the exploits of ancient

* Female Passions.

heroines renewed, and the deadly weapon directed by the hand of Beauty.

THIS idea of hers is undoubtedly a moſt ingenious one. At the ſight of a band of heroines, beautiful as the morning, marching forward to the combat, what warrior's ſword would not drop from his hand?—what ſoldier would not ſurrender himſelf a priſoner!

HAD the God RAMA, when he led forth his army of APES, and ſpread deſtruction among his enemies, only exchanged his apes for beautiful virgins, his victory would have been leſs bloody, and his conqueſt more complete.

AS a neceſſary preparative for the ſupport of bodily fatigue, the female philoſopher recommends an early initiation of females into the athletic ſports, and gymnaſtic exerciſes of boys and young men.

SHE would have them run, leap, box, wreſtle, fence and fight, that the united

exertion of bodily and mental energy may produce, by myſterious cooperation, that amazing force of character, of which ſhe ſuppoſes her ſex to be capable.

SHE even recommends that theſe ſports ſhould be mutually ſhared between girls and boys, that the diſtinction of ſex may remain concealed, until the phyſical progreſs of the body, calling into operation the latent paſſions, ſhall diſcover the wonderful ſecret.

THIS ſtrange philoſopher, my dear El Haſſan, has detained me, by the novelty of her doctrines, longer than I intended. Perhaps in ſome future communication, I may notice ſome of her remaining tenets; and I intend particularly to delineate the practical influence, which they have already acquired over the female ſex in this country.

KEEP this philoſophy a profound ſecret from the fair daughters of Hinduſtan, for, thou canſt not divine what in-

fluence its novelty, and the idea of independence on man may have over the heart even of the modeſt, unaffuming Hindu.

SALUTATION to the great GANESA.

Letter Third.

DEAR EL HASSAN, FRIEND OF MY HEART,

I HAVE not yet detailed all the paradoxes of the female philoſopher, to whoſe acquaintance I have lately introduced thee.

I HAVE before ſaid that ſhe ridicules the idea of female modeſty. To prove that *her energies* are not cramped by ſo embarraſſing a reſtraint, ſhe writes with the moſt diſguſting coarſeneſs, upon ſubjects, which are ſtudiouſly excluded from modeſt ſocieties, and reſerved by common conſent, for the inveſtigation of men of ſcience.

SHE even informs the world, that ſhe has been preſent at anatomical, chirurgical and obſtetrick lectures, converſations and experiments, where the various parts of the human body have been diſſected, and their uſes deſcanted upon; and all

this ſhe has witneſſed, without a bluſh, and without a painful emotion. She does not doubt, that every female may, in the ſame manner, free herſelf from the factitious weakneſs of education, and acquire that hardihood of character, which ſhall forever free her from the unphiloſophical habit of bluſhing.

WITH the utmoſt indifference, ſhe enters upon a diſquiſition concerning the cauſes of the greater number of women than of men in Africa, calmly aſcribing the fact to polygamy, which, ſhe ſays, enervates the phyſical energies of the men, and thereby incapacitates them from becoming the *fathers* of ſo many *ſons*, as they otherwiſe would; for, ſhe aſſumes it as a principle, that the ſex of an animal is determined, by the predominant *energy* of one parent over that of the other, *nature* delighting, univerſally, to produce its own image.

POLYGAMY, thus, according to her theory, wherever it is already eſtabliſhed, produces an exceſs of women; and each

individual woman demanding the gallantries of the men, polygamy is neceſſarily continued.

SUCH are the ſubjects, and ſuch is the method of treating them, recommended by the new philoſophy to its female diſciples.

MISS Woolſtonecraft is extremely anxious to eſtabliſh the idea, that ſeduced and diſhonored females are ſtill entitled to the regard of ſociety, eſpecially if they continue "*faithful to the father of their children*," whether that father is a huſband, or merely a gallant. In other words, ſhe would eſteem a *kept miſtreſs*, (ſuch as ſhe was herſelf) entitled to equal reſpect and attention as the faithful wife.

IT requires no great acuteneſs to diſcern the reaſon why Mary labored to eſtabliſh this doctrine. She was herſelf a *lewd woman;* and unleſs lewd women could be made reſpectable, ſhe was conſcious that ſhe muſt alſo yield to that infamy, which well regulated ſocieties univerſally throw upon female impurity. After be-

ing engaged in ſeveral open and ſhameful amours, particularly with a Mr. *Imlay*, an American gentleman, and Mr. *Fuſeli*, an Italian, Miſs *Woolſtonecraft*, toward the cloſe of her life, married one WILLIAM GODWIN, having previouſly cohabited with him ſeveral months. This man has written her hiſtory, in which, ſo far from expreſſing any remorſe on account of his connection with ſo abandoned a woman, he celebrates, in ſtrains of philoſophical eulogium, the purity of her mind, and the ardor of her affections. Her *amours* he calls *affairs of the heart*, and her gallants *ſentimental lovers*.

THIS Godwin, you muſt know, is one of the new philoſophers. Of him, and his works I may poſſibly, hereafter, take ſome notice, as he has diſtinguiſhed himſelf above his fellows for the ſyſtematical abſurdity, and extravagant folly of his writings. For the preſent, the anecdote above mentioned may ſerve to give ſome idea of *his* character, as well as of that of modern reforming philoſophers generally.

ONE trait in the character of Mary Woolſtonecraft I cannot omit.

ALTHOUGH ſhe profeſſes ſome general regard for religion and an over ruling power, ſtill ſhe diſclaims the moſt eſſential parts of the religion of her country, and leaves us entirely in doubt whether ſhe had any ſyſtem of belief or not.

I HAVE already informed thee, my dear El Haſſan, that the people of this country have a book ſimilar to our *Veda* and *Shahſtah*, which they call the BIBLE. This book contains an account of the creation of all things; of the production of one human pair, from whom deſcended all the inhabitants of the earth; of the deſtruction of all creatures by a great deluge, excepting one good man and his family, and a few animals of every kind, who were ſaved in the ark.

THIS account the female philoſopher treats with contempt; ſhe calls it *a poetical ſtory*, and evidently allows it no authenticity.

AND yet, thou knoweſt, that *our* ſacred books contain an account ſimilar in moſt reſpects, although ſhaded with an allegorical meaning. One good man is repreſented as having been ſaved from the flood, with ſeven other perſons, correſponding with the number mentioned in the Bible. Our books relate, alſo, that the gods churned the immenſe ocean with the mountain MANDAR, and raiſed from the bottom, by the force of fermentation, all things which had been overwhelmed by the deluge.

THE Bible relates that the waters retired by degrees, and thus produced, though in a different way, the ſame effect.

THE idea of future retribution, in another ſtate of being, Miſs Woolſtonecraft ridicules, treating it as a notion too ſlaviſh for the belief of a philoſopher.

THIS is another idea which thou knoweſt that our *ſacred books* expreſsly recognize, and forcibly inculcate. Every faithful Hindu believes, that after death, *ſome ſouls* will be ſent down to the infernal

pits, there to ſpend a dreadful exiſtence, among frightful ſerpents, and all the horrible tortures of the damned. The infernal deities SEVA and CALI, who delight in the infliction of miſery, preſide over theſe dreadful regions.

TO other ſouls, thou knoweſt, that the God SATYAVRATA will ſhew the road to inexpreſſible bliſs. To the vulgar, whoſe minds are incapable of the ſublime pleaſures of exalted intellectual enjoyments, the happy regions are deſcribed, by our ſacred books, as being the abode of the moſt exquiſite ſenſual delight.

THERE, perpetual ſpring, crowned with fruits and flowers and everlaſting verdure, dances round the year; "the precious *Muſk Deer*" ſport in the Sandal Groves, while the immortal inhabitants repoſe on the ſpreading down of the *Lotos*, or dance, in fairy ringlets, to the muſic of NARED.

BUT to thee, my dear El Haſſan, who haſt a mind enlarged by philoſophy, and

refined from the groſſneſs of ſenſuality, theſe enjoyments appear trivial. Thou, with me, wilt rather place thy future enjoyments, in thoſe exalted pleaſures of the underſtanding, and thoſe ſtrong and refined affections of the heart, which our philoſophers, of the *Vedanta* ſchool, ſo eloquently deſcribe.

ANOTHER claſs of ſouls, thou knoweſt will be compelled to endure the ſervitude of tranſmigration; inhabiting the bodies of animals poſſeſſing characters ſimilar to thoſe, by which they themſelves, while in life, were diſtinguiſhed. Thus, thou perceiveſt that the idea of future retribution is one, whoſe propriety and truth, both our education and reaſon ſtrongly enforce. Still, it is deſpiſed and contemptuouſly rejected by this female philoſopher.

ACCUSTOMED as thou haſt been, from thy youth, to venerate the precepts of the aged, and to honor the dictates of thy parents, thou wilt be ſhocked, that a philoſopher ſhould preſume to impeach the propriety of thoſe ſentiments. But MARY, ſtrenuouſly argues, that no more re-

ſpect ſhould be paid to the opinions of a parent, than to thoſe of any other rational being.

THAT any one ſhould be ſubjected to the control of another, either in his opinions or conduct, merely becauſe chance has made that being his parent, ſhe declares to be highly abſurd. Thou may'ſt be able to judge, how far this new philoſophy conduced to the happineſs of the female philoſopher, when thou art informed, that ſhe attempted to deſtroy her own life. Repeatedly did ſhe ſeek the oblivion of death, by throwing herſelf into the *Thames*; and as often was ſhe reſcued from a watery grave.

THUS, my dear El Haſſan, have I explained to thee, rather more copiouſly, than I intended, the leading features of this new ſyſtem of female philoſophy.

SUCH extravagant and impious ſpeculations could proceed only from a phrenſied and extravagant mind. Accordingly, the ſtyle, in which they are written, is

obſcure; rhapſodical, and often wholly unintelligible. The figures are uſually daubed with extravagant coloring; ſhadows and ſubſtances are joined; "he-goats and foxes are yoked together;" and a man of a correct mind, and a dignified taſte, will be ſhocked with rhetorical abſurdities in every page.

"SALUTATION to the great Ganeſa." May the Almighty BRUMMA enlighten our minds with true philoſophy, and preſerve us from philoſophical madneſs.

Letter Fourth.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THE author of *The Rights of Woman* has not been alone in the great work of corrupting her ſex. She has been aided by the whole band of modern philoſophers; operating, it is true, according to the particular ſyſtem, which each propoſed to himſelf; but generally, the object and the effect have been the ſame.

THE influence of the new philoſophy upon the female ſex, has been more extenſive, and more viſible, in France, than in any other country. It is one capital object of this philoſophy, to decry the inſtitution of marriage. Accordingly, in France, this inſtitution has been rendered almoſt uſeleſs by the facility, with which divorces are obtained.

THE theatre, the ſtyle of dreſs, the national taſte, and in ſhort, the whole

ſtitution of ſociety, in that country, have tended directly, to cherish a ſpirit of refined voluptuouſneſs; *refined*, I mean, as to the variety of the modes in which it ſeeks gratification, but *rampant* and *uncontrolable* in the ſpirits, which ſtimulates it to action. Of courſe, chaſtity has there become a very uncommon and unfaſhionable virtue; and many a fair lady may be found, who is neither *maid*, *widow*, nor *wife*.

THE new philoſophy, as yet, has acquired, comparatively, only a limited influence over the females of America.—But, it has acquired an influence already too great, to eſcape the notice of a *real* philoſopher.

THE females of Hinduſtan, thou knoweſt, are taught, that modeſty is the brighteſt ornament of female virtue; and that concealment heightens the empire of beauty. Hence, they ſtudiouſly veil thoſe charms, whoſe expoſure, indeed, ſwells the veins of the beholders with a torrent of lawleſs paſſion; but ſoon produces ſatiety, indifference and diſguſt.

NOT all the wanton motions, the lascivious geſtures, and the rich perfumes of *our dancing girls*, whom the laws of Hindoſtan allow to proſtitute their perſons, to ſecure the chaſtity of the virtuous part of the ſex, can prevent diſguſt from filling the breaſts of the beholders.

BUT, in America, although the women are beautiful as the ſun, with complexions reſembling the firſt bluſhes of the morning, and perſons graceful as the poetical ſiſters, who wander in the ſpicy groves of MATH'URA, ſtill, the new philoſophy has induced them, in many inſtances, to expoſe their perſons in ſuch a manner, as to excite paſſion, but to extinguiſh reſpect.

THE ſtyle of dreſs, by which this expoſure is effected, was firſt introduced by the theatres.

FREQUENTLY, when attending the theatre in this metropolis, I have ſeen the moſt beautiful actreſſes exhibit their perſons, in robes of lawn, ſo tranſparent, and yet, ſo adheſive, as to diſcover every la-

tent proportion and beauty. In the robes of the other ſex alſo, they expoſe their delicate limbs, and vainly emulate the firm ſtep, and manly port, which nature has denied them.

FROM the ſtage this taſte has deſcended into private life.

OFTEN, when reclining on a ſofa, by the ſide of *a fair American*, I have thought, that her white boſom, ſcarcely veiled at all from my ſight, and her finely proportioned limbs, which the extreme thinneſs and narrowneſs of her apparel rendered quite evident to the eye, would have excited impure emotions in any heart, leſs ſubject to reaſon, than that of a *Hindu philoſopher*.

WHEN I have ſtopped in my walks, as I often do, at ſome public corner, the confined motion of the limbs, in robes ſcarcely eighteen inches in breadth, has enabled me to compare with great accuracy, the delicate proportions and graceful movements of the ſprightly fair ones, who wander forth into the ſtreets of this metropolis.

AT firſt, I ſuppoſed theſe females to be of the ſame claſs with the *dancing girls* of Hinduſtan, and, of courſe, concluded, that the ſtate of ſociety in America, where ſo many females appeared in the dreſs of courtezans, muſt be extremely depraved. But I have ſince diſcovered, that this dreſs is aſſumed by ladies of pure reputation, and unqueſtionable virtue.

THIS, my dear El Haſſan, may be called the *heroiſm* of female chaſtity: For what lady of reputation, who is not a heroine in virtue, would dare to hang out to public view, the inſignia of meretricious indulgence? No concluſion muſt be drawn from theſe facts, that there are in this country, no ladies of *eaſy virtue*. Many ſuch there are; but they cannot be diſtinguiſhed in the great cities, *by their dreſs*, from ladies of character.

ANOTHER effect of the new philoſophy, probably imputable, in a great degree, to the influence of Miſs Woolſtonecraft's doctrines, muſt not be paſſed over in ſilence.

THE people of every country have their own peculiar modes of profaneneſs in diſcourſe. By profaneneſs, I intend a contempt of ſacred things; and, in this ſenſe, every people, of whatever religion, may be profane.

BUT by the univerſal conſent of mankind, this vice is eſteemed peculiarly vulgar, and wholly without apology.

IN women we always expect delicacy, and tenderneſs, and of courſe, reverence for the Gods. Whenever any of the groſs vices of men are found in women, they are, therefore, peculiarly diſguſting.—What then, O El Haſſan, who haſt ever been accuſtomed to hear the women of Hinduſtan, utter the awful names of BRUMMA and SERASWATY, with uplifted eyes, and features ſolemnized by devotion;—what will be thy aſtoniſhment to hear, that the females of this country profane, with the moſt flippant levity, the name of their God, ridicule his attributes and his worſhip, and diſtribute curſes as the common compliments of an evening. Yet,

these things I have often witnessed in this metropolis. Not unfrequently, have I heard a fair one, who seemed to have been born for tenderness and love, *curse* her fate at the card table, *damn* the soul of her partner for his inattention to the game, *swear* that *this* was the most unlucky incident of her life, and grace every exclamation, by an impious appeal to her GOD.

ALTHOUGH true to the holy religion of the Bramins, and unseduced by the systems of other countries, I could not hear this impiety without horror. My blood chilled, and I involuntarily indulged the idea, that the creature, whom I had seen, so fair, so delicate, and lovely, was but a fiend, disguised in a female form, to give to vice the borrowed charms of beauty, and to enable it to steal imperceptibly upon hearts, which would have recoiled, had it approached in its own native deformity.

I AM told, that this vice existed before the origin of the new philosophy; but that

this philoſophy has given it a moſt alarming and extenſive increaſe.

WITHOUT any reference to its horrid impiety, did the fair creatures, who uſe ſuch language, only know how completely it ſtrips them of every feminine charm, and how odious it makes them appear in the eyes of thoſe, whom they are moſt anxious to pleaſe, they would ſurely abandon a practice, which in *men* is offenſive, but in *woman* is diſguſtingly ſhocking. Indeed, what can be more unnatural, than that a beautiful virgin ſhould utter a ſigh and a curſe in the ſame breath? Surely, a man of modeſty and virtue, will turn with averſion from ſo unnatural a being.

IT is a remarkable fact, that this practice has acquired the moſt extenſive ſway in the moſt genteel and poliſhed circles; while in thoſe, which are equally removed from meanneſs and pride, it hardly has an exiſtence.

THE athletic exerciſes, which the female philoſopher ſo cogently recom-

mends, have been adopted, in America, only in a partial degree.

I HAVE indeed heard of a great *Nabob* in this country, who has educated his daughter to leap a fence without bringing her clothes into contact, to vault from the ground into the ſaddle, and even to manage a mettleſome horſe, while ſtanding upon one foot, on his back.

A LADY, alſo, at *Salem*, a town far to the north-eaſt, in a Soubah or Diſtrict, called Maſſachuſetts, initiates young virgins, into the invigorating exerciſe of ſkating; an amuſement, which, in an epiſtle from Holland, I have already explained. One would ſuppoſe, that the narrow apparel of faſhionable females, would greatly impede the exertions of the fair one's *energies*, in this moſt ſlippery diverſion; and ſhould ſhe fall headlong, (an accident which often occurs to boys,) who can divine the conſequences, which might enſue?

O, EL HASSAN, my friend! how would it affect thy heart and mind, to ſee theſe

unnatural practices introduced among the daughters of Hinduſtan? Still may they remain modeſt, timid and feminine, and may no cold-hearted, ferocious philoſopher attempt to ſubſtitute that maſculine robuſtneſs of character, which Mary Wolſtonecraft inculcates, in the place of that delightful tenderneſs, which adorns every female action, which enlivens proſperity, and ſmooths the pillow of grief.

Letter Fifth.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

IMMENSE oceans roll a waſte of water, and unexplored continents ſtretch their regions between SHAHCOOLEN and thoſe he loves.

HOW often does my heart ſigh for the ſhady bowers of Agra, my dear native land; how do I dwell upon thoſe happy days, when in company with thee, I wandered in the flowery vale of Caſhmere;—walked by moon-light upon the banks of the ancient Indus; watched the revolutions of the bear, and the ſetting of Orion, from the top of Mat'hura; viſited the venerable abodes of the Bramins, upon the borders of the ſacred Ganges; or plunged my limbs in its purifying waves? In ſearch of knowledge, to which my life has been devoted, we then explored the immenſe regions of Hinduſtan, and ſurveyed the inhabitants of Ceylon, breath-

ing aromatic gales, and the wretched outcaſt, who gathers gems in the mines of Golconda.

TO a real philoſopher, man is the moſt intereſting ſubject of contemplation.—Majeſtic mountains, magnificent rivers, flowery vallies, and boundleſs landſcapes, occur in every country, and are preſented to every eye.

EVEN thoſe regions, where cold and darkneſs, in one unceaſing night, uſurp the empire of half the year; and where, during that period, the eye ſurveys nothing but one boundleſs waſte of ſnow; ſtill enjoy an equal period of day; when the ſun does not ſet, verdure ſprings upon the hills, animals ſport upon the plains, and birds flutter through the air.

THEN, perhaps, the Greenlander, beholding his fields, lately buried in ſnow, but now verdant and beautiful, feels no leſs delight than the native of ORIXA, who reclines beneath bowers, that are always green, and liſtens to the bubbling of

ſtreams that are never arreſted by froſt; and while contemplating his mountains, whoſe ſides are verdant, but whoſe tops are covered with everlaſting ſnow, or ſurveying thoſe huge drifts of ice, which, while they lift their ſparkling turrets to the ſun, are driven by impetuous billows upon the rocks, which lie concealed in the ocean, perhaps he enjoys a degree of pleaſure, which may compenſate for the want of vallies ſmiling with the *Lotos*, and hills ſhaded by the *Vine*.

BUT my dear El Haſſan, although my ſenſes are perpetually alive to the charming variety of natural ſcenes, which the face of the earth every where exhibits; ſtill, MAN is my object, for *I myſelf* am a Man.

MY three laſt epiſtles were employed in delineating the doctrines of the new female philoſophy, and their influence upon the female character in America. The remainder of this epiſtle I ſhall devote to an exhibition of the exiſting character and purſuits of the female ſex in this country,

diſtributing them, as far as poſſible, into general claſſes.

THOSE, whom native depravity, or the arts of ſeduction, have expoſed to the degradation of mercenary intercourſe, are comparatively few; but ſtill they are ſo numerous, eſpecially in the great towns, as frequently to excite both pity and diſguſt.

IT is certainly a juſt law, although it is a ſevere one, which virtuous ſocieties univerſally have eſtabliſhed, that a ſingle error in the great article of female purity, ſhould brand its unfortunate ſubject with a degree of infamy, which no lapſe of time, and no future courſe of virtue, can entirely obliterate.

BUT it is much to be regretted, that legiſlators and patriots have not eſtabliſhed ſome ſchool of reformation, where theſe unfortunate beings may take refuge from guilt, diſeaſe, and infamy, and by a courſe of ſober induſtry, and of regular conduct, procure an honeſt ſupport, make ſome advances toward a recovery

of reputation, and ſome progreſs in real virtue. But, in moſt countries, they are ſhunned and abandoned by all, except thoſe, whom guilty paſſions ſtimulate to ſeek out the abodes of infamy and wretchedneſs. To the honor of this metropolis, however, be it recorded, that an inſtitution, founded upon the moſt benevolent principles, has been lately eſtabliſhed for the purpoſe ſpecified above.

AFTER we have excluded the infamous and abandoned, the women of this country may be diſtributed, with tolerable correctneſs, into three deſcriptions.

THERE is a claſs, whom both nature and education have deſtined to move in the humbleſt walks of life. They are ignorant, patient, and laborious; commonly faithful to their families; they wear out life in hard labour for their ſupport. Their time is divided between ſlaviſh ſervitude, and ſluggiſh repoſe; and the only recreation, which they enjoy, is an occaſional viſit to the neighboring women of the ſame degree, when their vanity is gra-

tified by a diſplay of their beſt apparel, a little Bohea recreates the ſpirits, and the village ſtories employ the tongue. On Sunday, alſo, the day of worſhip, they ſometimes appear at church, where, as it uſually happens to ladies of ſuperior rank, nothing, apparently, engages their attention leſs, than the exerciſes of the day. Upon the whole, this claſs of women are confined to a ſphere of life, where little can be enjoyed, though much muſt be endured.

Of the two other claſſes, *the ladies of quality*, in every thing, but the degree of happineſs, which they enjoy, form the perfect contraſt to the one laſt deſcribed.

WITH them pleaſure conſtitutes the great buſineſs of life. Their time is divided between the tranſports of diſſipation, and the liſtleſſneſs of *ennui*. When evening arrives, the fair creature rolls in the gilded chariot to the play houſe. There the ſplendor of the lights, of the ſcenery, and the company, with the ſtrains of the muſic, and the tones, dreſs and action of the

players, lay hold on her ſenſes, warm her imagination to rhapſody, and produce a temporary impreſſion, that ſhe is tranſported to a new and more exalted ſtate of things, where grief is deſpair, and love is extacy. She mourns for poor *Monimia*, weeps for hapleſs *Deſdemona*, and glows with rage at the black crimes of *Milwood*.

ALTHOUGH groſs indelicacy, both in dreſs and language, appear upon the ſtage, ſtill the fair one joins the rank applauſe, and aids the guilty triumph. In the intervals of the play, perhaps ſhe ogles at ſome favorite beau, peeps through the lattice of her fan, while ſhe ſeems to hide her face, or whiſpers ſome romantic ſentiment to the belle, who ſits next to her.

AFTER the play ſhe returns home, ſick of the dull ſcenes of real life, longs to become the heroine of ſome adventure, and the favorite of ſome gallant knight. She ſlumbers on a bed of down, and beneath a canopy of ſilk, till the ſun has travelled half way from the dawn to the meridian.

Then, languid and pale, through exceſſive indulgence, ſhe redeems time enough from ſleep to dreſs for the evening.

THE circus, perhaps, opens its doors, and the delicate creature, who would have ſhrieked at a ſpider, and ſwooned at a mouſe, flies with alacrity to ſee feats of dangerous activity, and perilous horſemanſhip.

THE circus, my dear El Haſſan, is a place where men, who have been trained to the buſineſs, mount horſes of great activity, which are driven round upon half ſpeed within the circular building, where the ſpectators are ſeated. While the horſes are in full motion, the riders vault from the ground into the ſaddle, and back to the ground again ; ſtand upon one foot, on the horſe, with the toes of the other foot in the mouth ;—ſuſtain a boy erect upon the ſhoulder ; and perform a thouſand other feats, the ſight of which, to a man of humanity, is painful in the extreme.

THOU wilt aſk, what there is in this amuſement, which can intereſt a rational mind? I have often aſked the queſtion too; but have been told, that I had mistaken the object of the amuſement; for, it was invented for the entertainment of *ladies* of *quality*.

THOU wilt hardly credit the idea, that ladies ſhould be entertained by an amuſement, which is both diſtreſſing and indecent; for as well might the women of Hinduſtan reſort to the vallies of BAHAR, to ſee the unwieldy movements of the elephants, which are tamed for war.

BUT I have learned from an accurate ſurvey of human life, that there is no amuſement, however foreign from the delicacy of the ſex, and no dreſs, however indecent, which the tyranny of faſhion will not impoſe upon *ladies of quality*, in countries, which have not, like Hinduſtan, wiſely regulated the *contour* of a garment, and the diverſions of an evening.

IF both the circus and the theatre are cloſed, perhaps the fair lady, when the

firſt ſhades of night darken the vallies, reſorts to a gay circle, ſips hyſon, nibbles half a biſcuit, and relates the perils ſhe encountered in paſſing the dark paſſage at the laſt play, where the courage of Sir *Chriſtopher Lovelace*, ſaved her from the loſs of her ſlipper.

THE piano or harpſicord beguiles the firſt moments of the evening, but preſently, the card-tables are diſplayed, and every eye is fixed, and every mind is intent upon the progreſs of the game. The fickle goddeſs, fortune, flutters from ſide to ſide, and ſeems in doubt where to reſt, till at length ſhe ſettles upon the breaſt of ſome fair gameſter.

IT would be diſguſting to deſcribe all the ſour looks, the heart-burnings, and genteel curſes, which occur on both ſides of the game, before the clock ſtrikes *three*, and the harbinger of day, ſounds his ſhrill clarion at the approach of light.

THEN, theſe ladies of quality, with jaded ſpirits, and diſtempered minds, retire to feveriſh dreams, and broken ſlumbers.

NOW and then, an idle hour is ſpent in poring over the page of ſome glowing novel, or extravagant romance; an airing is taken in a coach with cloſed windows; a morning call is made, or a gilded fan cheapened.

THE ball alſo diſplays its dazzling ſplendors, where elegance, muſic, and luxury, reign within, while winter rages without. Here, the fair one, in all the pomp of dreſs, floats down the dance;—while the fop, *a gilded inſect*, flutters by her ſide.

THUS, with theſe ladies, life is one ſcene of varying diſſipation, with ſuch interruptions only, as nature imperiouſly demands, to reſtore her exhauſted powers. All the endearing charities of mother, ſiſter, wife, are ſwallowed up in one wide gulf of diſſipation; and the mind, barren of uſeful information, and the heart, deſtitute of practical virtue, fall a prey to deſpair, whenever ſickneſs ſeizes on the conſtitution, or old age deſtroys its youthful powers.

O, MY dear El Haſſan, wouldſt thou ſelect ſuch an one for the wife of thy boſom, or the mother of thy children ?—Would her ſmiles thrill thy heart with joy ? Would her tenderneſs cheer thy ſick bed, or her endearing converſe beguile thy midnight hours ?

BUT the other and remaining claſs of American women, is of a character entirely different from either of thoſe, which I have deſcribed. They are placed above the miſeries and meanneſs of poverty; and below the vices and vanity of wealth.

EARLY imbued with virtue and modeſty, they are rational, domeſtic, and induſtrious. Their life is divided between uſeful employment, cheerful ſociety, and virtuous and moderate amuſements. Rarely at the theatre and aſſembly room, and *never* at the circus and card-table, their pleaſures give a zeſt to life, and render welcome the return of the fire-ſide happineſs, and the family ſociety. Buſineſs is with them the pleaſure, not pleaſure the buſineſs, of life. They riſe to breathe the ſweet incenſe of the morning,

which the joyful earth offers to its great Creator; they liſten to the matin ſong of the lark, while ſhe mounts into the clouds that are gilded with the firſt effuſions of light.

THE volumes which contain the precepts of religion and morals; thoſe which unfold the ſprings of human action, and delineate the thouſand ſhades of human character; the clear page of hiſtory; the books of the fine arts, and the treaſures of poetical lore, all lie open to their peruſal, and occupy a portion of each paſſing day.

THE domeſtic offices, and the houſhold good, are not forgotten. Conſcious that the family is the great ſcene of female action, and of female pleaſure, here they concentrate their moſt ſerious thoughts, and make their moſt ſerious exertions.

DESPISING, alike, that contemptible ſervility, which would aſcribe to them the perfections of angels, and offer them the adoration of Gods; and that unnatural ſyſtem of falſe philoſophy, which would

harden them into maſculine beings, too proud to be women, too weak to be men; they cultivate the feminine virtues, ſweeten every action by tenderneſs, and grace every ſentiment by love. O, my dear El Haſſan, wouldſt thou not ſelect ſuch an one for the wife of thy boſom, and the mother of thy children? Would not her ſmiles thrill thy heart with joy? Would not her tenderneſs cheer thy ſick bed, and her endearing converſe beguile thy midnight hours? Salutation to Ganeſa.

Letter Sixth.

DEARLY BELOVED AL HASSAN,

THE *Poetry* of a country is among the laſt ſubjects, which a traveller is able to inveſtigate.

A PERFECT knowledge of the language, not only in its radical powers, but in all its delicate beauties, and nameleſs varieties of ſignification, and a complete acquaintance with the geography, hiſtory, literature, employment and genius of the nation, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to one, who would fully underſtand and highly reliſh the Poetry of the country which he viſits.

THE literature of Great Britain and of Engliſh America, is enjoyed in common by both countries. Both have the ſame language; and ſo great a ſimilarity exiſts between their laws, inſtitutions, ſtate of ſociety, and national purſuits,

that the literary productions of the one nation are perfectly underſtood and reliſhed by the other.

BUT as Engliſh America was planted by Great-Britain, the latter is advanced far beyond the former in every depart- of literature.

WERE I to attempt a complete account of Engliſh literature, embracing the learning of both countries, I ſhould indeed enter a moſt extenſive ſield.

EVEN Engliſh *Poetry* alone would afford a very copious ſource of entertainment; for the Engliſh poets are very numerous, and ſome of their productions would not ſuffer by a compariſon with thoſe of any age or country.

THE names of *Milton*, *Dryden*, *Shakeſpear* and *Pope* will be revered, ſo long as their productions ſurvive the ravages of time.

BUT at preſent, I intend to confine my remarks principally to the ſtate of poetry in *America*.

TWO centuries ago, Engliſh America was peopled by a ſavage race of men, intirely deſtitute of learning, arts and laws. Within two hundred years, it has been populated by emigrants from various European countries, but principally from Great Britain.

IN that ſhort period, they have increaſed to more than 5,000,000; have built numberleſs cities, towns and villages; reduced to cultivation a country of immenſe extent; eſtabliſhed a commerce with every part of the globe, and accumulated wealth, and advanced in the arts, to a degree, which no human mind could have foreſeen.

NOR has their literature been entirely neglected. Very reſpectable proofs of American erudition and talents in many departments of ſcience can be produced.

BUT thou knoweſt, beloved El Haſſan, that we muſt not look for great efforts in ſcience, and high attainments in arts in a young country. Such efforts, and ſuch

attainments, are exhibited only in a mature ſtate of ſociety, where great wealth and undivided leiſure afford the means of purſuing, and cheriſh a diſpoſition to reliſh the moſt refined ſpeculations of ſcience, and the moſt elegant productions of taſte.

WE might therefore have reaſonably ſuppoſed, what I have found to be the fact, that the literature of this country is ſtill in its infancy. In ſome future epiſtle I may ſuggeſt farther remarks upon American literature; but I will now return from this excurſion to the conſideration of the ſtate of *poetry* in Engliſh America.

THE poetical productions of this country are not numerous; thoſe I mean which are of conſiderable length, and are calculated to endure to future generations.

AMONG the principal are the Conqueſt of Canaan, an epic poem, by Dwight; the Viſion of Columbus, by Barlow; and M'Fingal, a burleſque epic poem, by Trumbull.

THE Conqueſt of Canaan, was written while the author was very young. It riſes in many inſtances to high ſublimity, and not a few paſſages might be ſelected of peculiar poetical beauty and refined tenderneſs. It is remarkable that no paſſage can be pointed out, which would give offence to the ſtricteſt morality; and its love ſcenes are diſtinguiſhed by a freedom from every degree of licentiouſneſs. But the poem labors under a diſadvantage from its being written in rhyme. This evidently ſubjects the poet to much reſtraint. His mind appears to have been ardent and vigorous, and his imagination ſublime; but his conceptions are cramped by his poetical fetters, and not unfrequently labor in conſequence of the poverty of language.

HIS rhyme alſo, from the length of the poem, produces an uniformity, which is ſometimes unpleaſant.—I will not enter into a minute criticiſm upon this Poem, but content myſelf with producing a ſingle paſſage, which will give ſome idea of

the author's manner of writing.—He is deſcribing the precurſors of the final diſſolution of the world.

"Mid theſe dire ſcenes, more awful ſcenes ſhall riſe,
Sad nations quake, and trembling ſeize the ſkies,
From the dark tomb ſhall fearful lights aſcend;
And ſullen ſounds the ſleeping manſion rend;
Pale ghoſts with terror break the dreamer's charm,
And death-like cries the liſtening world alarm.
Then midnight pangs ſhall toſs the cleaving plains;
Fell famine wanton o'er unburied trains;
From crumbling mountains baleful flames aſpire
Realms ſink in floods, and towns diſſolve in fire;
In every blaſt the ſpotted plague be driven,
And angry meteors blaze athwart the heaven.
Clouds of dark blood ſhall blot the ſun's broad light,
Spread round th' immenſe, and ſhroud the world in night.
With pale and dreadful ray the cold moon gleam;
The dim lone ſtars diffuſe an anguiſh'd beam;
Storms rock the ſkies; afflicted ocean roar,
And ſanguine billows die the ſhuddering ſhore." &c.

THE author of the Conqueſt of Canaan, has written ſeveral other poems. I could with pleaſure copy many parts of them, which in my view are highly excellent; but the limits of this epiſtle will not permit me to extract very copiouſly. Take the following beautiful introduction to "GREENFIELD HILL," as a ſpecimen of the author's talents in blank verſe.

"From Southern isles, on winds of gentlest wing,
Sprinkled with morning dew, and rob'd in green,
Life in her eye, and music in her voice;
Lo, Spring returns, and wakes the world to joy!
Forth creep the smiling herbs; expand the flowers,
New-loos'd, and bursting from their icy bonds,
The streams fresh warble, and thro every mead
Convey reviving verdure; every bough,
Full blown and lovely, teems with sweets and songs,
And hills and plains, and pastures feel the prime."

A SHORT poem, called Columbia, by the same author, possesses great merit; also, a satirical piece in verse, lashing the critics, who, as the poet conceived, had treated his works too severely. Another satirical poem, the *Triumph of Infidelity*, is uniformly ascribed to the same writer, though never acknowledged by him, in which, under fictitious names, he chastises several great personages, distinguished by their impiety and their vices.

THIS author has published more poetry than any other American, (except, perhaps FRENAU, a poet remarkable only for the quantity of verse which he has written), and although his countrymen are now divided in sentiment, as to the degree of fame, to which he is entitled, it is

which is heaped upon his character, is attached by his countrymen to his poetical productions.

IT is therefore probable that, at ſome future period, his merits, as a poet, will be more juſtly appreciated, than at preſent.

THE Mock Epic Poem entitled M'Fingal, is a high inſtance of keen wit, ſevere ſatire, and poetical beauty.

THE author poſſeſſes a mind originally ingenious, acute and brilliant; he has drawn in to his aid the ſtores of Grecian and Roman learning; he is perfectly at home, when upon claſſical ground, and alludes with the moſt happy familiarity to the higheſt monuments of poetical genius.

IT is impoſſible to peruſe a ſingle page of his admirable production without delight. The lines which open the fourth Canto I have ſelected, to afford thee a moment's pleaſure.

"Now night came down, and roſe full ſoon
That patroneſs of rogues, the moon;
Beneath whoſe kind protecting ray
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.

The honeſt world all ſnor'd in chorus,
While owls and ghoſts and thieves and tories,
Whom erſt the mid-day ſun had aw'd,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad.
On cautious hinges, ſlow and ſtiller
Wide op'd the great M'Fingal's cellar,
Where ſhut from prying eyes in cluſter,
The tory Pandemonium muſter.
Their chiefs all ſitting round deſcried are,
On kegs of ale and ſeats of cyder;
When firſt M'Fingal, dimly ſeen,
Roſe ſolemn from the turnip bin.
Nor yet his form had wholly loſt
The original brightneſs, it could boaſt,
Nor leſs appear'd than Juſtice Quorum,
In feather'd majeſty before 'em."

THE deſcription of M'Fingal's tarring and feathering is ſo humorous, that I cannot forbear extracting it.

"Forthwith the croud proceed to deck,
With halter'd nooſe M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his ſoul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the ſmoking tar:
* * * * *
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
Firſt met and drank the ſable ſtream;
Adown his viſage ſtern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viſcid wave;

With arms depending as he ſtood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From noſe and chin's remoteſt end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erſpread with colors gay
He glitter'd to the weſtern ray,
Like fleet-bound trees in wintry ſkies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag diſplay'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And ſpreads him o'er with feathers miſſive
And down upon the tar adheſive."

AGAIN, the deſcription of the proceſſion:

"Then on the two-wheeled car of ſtate,
They rais'd our grand Triumvirate.
* * * * *
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'ſquire;
In front the martial muſic comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling ſound of carriage bells,
And treble creek of ruſted wheels;
Behind, the crowd in lengthen'd row
With grave proceſſion clos'd the ſhow." &c.

INDEED, to do juſtice to this Poem, I ſhould be obliged to tranſcribe the whole. No Poem of American compoſition has

gained equal celebrity, and commanded in an equal degree, the admiration both of Europeans and Americans.

HUMPHREYS alſo has gained conſiderable reputation as a poet; but his productions have been ſhort and occaſional. Some of his beſt pieces were written amidſt the tumult of a camp, and cannot, therefore, be expected to exhibit the accuracy of a cloſeted ſtudent. Although ſometimes incorrect, he exhibits undeniable proof of poetical genius. He was at once a ſoldier, a poet, and a gentleman.

THE following is an extract from his elegy on the burning of a town by the Britiſh troops. It was written on the ſpot, ſoon after the event.

"Ye ſmoking ruins, marks of hoſtile ire,
Ye aſhes warm, which drink the tears that flow;
Ye deſolated plains my voice inſpire,
And give ſoft muſic to the ſong of woe.

How pleaſant FAIRFIELD, on th' enraptur'd ſight,
Roſe thy tall ſpires, and op'd thy ſocial halls;
How oft, my boſom beat with pure delight,
At yonder ſpot where ſtand the darken'd walls.

But there the voice of mirth refounds no more,
A ſilent ſadneſs thro' the ſtreet prevails:
The diſtant main alone is heard to roar,
And hollow chimnies hum with ſullen gales.

Save where ſcorch'd Elms th' untimely foliage ſhed,
Which ruſtling hovers round the faded green;
Save where at twilight penſive mourners tread
Mid recent graves o'er deſolation's ſcene."

THE four poets whom I have mentioned are ſtill in the vigor of life. The three laſt are natives of a ſmall province, lying to the North, called Connecticut; and all of them were educated at the ſame ſchool, and were mutually companions and friends.

HOPKINSON is a poet of great brilliancy, elegance and wit. His productions however are ſhort and occaſional. During the laſt war, which has exiſted in this country, a plan was deviſed by the Americans, to blow up the Britiſh fleets, by means of powder kegs. The conſternation, ſpread among the Britiſh, by ſome of theſe kegs floating down the Delaware, among their ſhipping, is moſt humorouſly deſcribed by HOPKINSON, in "The Battle

of the Kegs." It would be doing the poet injuſtice to extract any part of it, without giving the whole.

IT will be admired, ſo long as a taſte for wit ſhall exiſt in the world.

LIVINGSTON, as being one of the firſt, by whom elegant verſe was written in America, deſerves to be mentioned.

HE diſcovers genius, taſte, and univerſally juſt ſentiments.

A POEM, called *the Power of Genius*, has lately appeared in this metropolis; it is of unequal merit in its different parts, and has hardly paſſed the public ſcrutiny in ſuch a manner, as to gain a decided character. I heſitate not however to ſay that the writer is a poet, and a man of genius.

HE is not always perfectly correct in the uſe of figures, but his Poem certainly poſſeſſes much merit.

TAKE the following lines as an example. The poet is eulogiſing the moſt diſ-

tinguiſhed bards of ancient and modern times.

"Amidſt his native wilds and miſty plains
Sublimeſt Oſſian pours his wizard ſtrains,
The voice of old reviſits his dark dream,
On his ſad ſoul the deeds of warriors beam;
Alone he ſits upon the diſtant hill,
Beneath him falls the melancholy rill.
His harp lies by him on the ruſtling graſs,
The deer before him thro the thickets paſs;
No hunter winds his ſlow and ſullen horn,
No whiſtling cowherd meets the breath of morn;
O'er the ſtill heath the meteors dart their light
And round him ſweep the mournful blaſts of night.
O voice of Cora, bard of other times,
May thy bold ſpirit viſit theſe dull climes;
May the brave chieftans of thy rugged plains
Remember Oſſian, and revere his ſtrains.

THESE are the moſt diſtinguiſhed American poets. Many ſhort and occaſional productions have fallen in my way, and ſome of them poſſeſs a high degree of merit; but as they are generally committed to pamphlets and news papers, they hardly ſurvive the revolutions of a year. A poem of this kind, however, intituled *the Preſent State of Literature*, poſſeſſes uncommon merit, and the cloſing lines of it, ſhall alſo cloſe this epiſtle.

" And O, ſweet Poeſy ! thou nymph forlorn,
Cold, and unheeded, as the wintry thorn ;
Still may thy voice be heard, where Ganges flows,
Or winter ſits, girt with eternal ſnows ;
No venal ſpot upon thy robe be ſeen ;
No luſtful paſſion wanton in thy mein ;
Still may'ſt thou lead with thy enchanting ſtrain,
The mimic arts, light dancing in thy train ;
Fair virtue hail thee with a ſiſter's eye ;
Love own thy power, and pity learn to ſigh.
May ſacred truth, from thy rich wardrobe dreſs'd,
Come ſmiling forth, of every charm poſſeſs'd,
And faith and piety, upborne by thee,
From earth aſcend and bend th' adoring knee."

THOU, my dear El Haſſan, wilt perceive with pleaſure, the alluſion which this writer makes to our beloved country. To me it was grateful as the fragrance of the morning to the early traveller.

Letter Seventh.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

KNOWING thy attachment to the Muſical KRISHEN, and the nine tuneful GOPIA, his attendants; and remembering how thy ſoul uſed to glow with celeſtial fire, and thy tongue to roll in harmonious periods, I enlarged my laſt epiſtle by ſeveral extracts from the volumes of American Poetry.

TO thee, my friend, who art both a philoſopher and a poet, it cannot fail of affording delight, to know how a people, who are ſeparated from Hinduſtan by one half the globe, expreſs the emotions of paſſion, and the flights of fancy.

BUT American poetry is as different from that of Hinduſtan, as the American himſelf is different from the Hindu. The poetry of every nation is characteriſtical of itſelf, and if all hiſtorical records were

deſtroyed, and the poetry of every country preſerved, it would not be difficult, from that ſource alone, to diſcover national characters.

As in my laſt epiſtle, I mentioned the principal American poems, thou wilt perceive, that only a ſmall ſhare of attention has yet been paid to the cultivation of poetry, in America. This does not ariſe from a deficiency of poetical talents, but from the ſtate of ſociety. For I have converſed with many Americans, whoſe ſouls were elevated by the pureſt poetical fire; whoſe minds were familiar with every dreadful, and every pleaſing ſcene; who had been accuſtomed to contemplate, every thing which is "awfully vaſt, or elegantly little;" and to whom nature had opened her moſt copious ſtores of language.

I am told, alſo, that their ſchools and colleges, frequently exhibit very handſome proofs of poetical talents, which cultivation and leiſure would probably ripen into the regular poetical character. But

every man is here a man of buſineſs. So univerſally is this true, that no American poet, *by profeſſion*, can be found in the liſt of their literary men. All thoſe, who have made any figure in poetry, have been men of buſineſs, who amuſed their leiſure hours with the charms of verſe.

NOR does the public taſte encourage the cultivation of poetry. Party-ſpirit, and the luſt of gain, rule the American nation with ſuch undivided ſway, as to engroſs every paſſion, and inliſt every propenſity. The meaneſt man is a politician equally with the greateſt, and feels as if "the weight of mightieſt monarchies," were to be ſuſtained upon his ſhoulders.

AT ſome future period, when the ſtate of ſociety ſhall be ſo much matured, as to afford literary men the means of undivided leiſure; and when a literary taſte in the nation, ſhall in ſome degree control the preſent ruling paſſions, it is probable. that poetry will be ſo far cultivated and encouraged in America, that the fame of

American Poets will be equally great, and their names equally reſpectable, with thoſe of Great Britain.

THE natives of England, and of Engliſh America, excel the Hindus in ſtrength, and clearneſs of reaſoning. They are more addicted to logical and mathematical inquiries; and in theſe, the Engliſh have acquired an unrivalled celebrity, and the Americans are making very handſome improvements. Indeed, the firſt poets, both of England and America, are more diſtinguiſhed for ſtrength and ſublimity, than thoſe of Hinduſtan; but they are greatly inferior in that delicious luxuriance of imagination, and playful elegance of ſtyle, for which the Perſian and Hindu poets are ſo remarkable.

INDEED, my dear El Haſſan, when I indulge myſelf, as I frequently do, in peruſing the volumes of Hindu and Perſian poetry, which I have ſelected as the companions of my travels, and the amuſement of my penſive hours, I loſe myſelf in an ideal preſence in my own dear na-

tive land: I ſuffer myſelf to be deluded into a conviction, that I am wandering in a fragrant grove, on the banks of the holy Ganges, marking the reflection of the moon-beams from its dimply waves, and liſtening to the ſongs of the night-loving birds, that ſing from the fruit-dropping trees, and render vocal every ſpray. Then I ſtart from my dream, the charming alluſion is diſſipated, and I caſt my eyes around upon the land of ſtrangers.

ALTHOUGH the ſcenes of nature in America, are leſs luxuriant, and the gilding of beauty is leſs ſplendid, than in Hinduſtan, ſtill nature has here exerted her higheſt creative powers in the production of every thing, which is marked by amazing grandeur, and awful ſublimity.

THE *rivers*, majeſtic in their origin, ſwell and expand in their progreſs, till embracing a thouſand tributary ſtreams, their breadth ſoon mocks the ken of human eye. Rolling on to the ocean, they viſit a hundred climes; they behold the painted ſavage, in his bark canoe, ſkim-

ming the ſurface with incredible velocity, and bear upon their boſoms the weight of navies. Some range to the North, and ſeek an outlet beneath the polar ſkies; where the empire of *froſt* yields, reluctantly, to the ſummer ſuns; and where the moſt powerful torrents are arreſted in their channels, and chained faſt to the rocks. Others flow to the South, till, confined by banks, that are covered, through the whole year, with fruits and flowers, they are loſt in oceans, that ſparkle to the vertical ſun, and roll beneath the burning line.

THE *mountains*, alſo, ſtretch, in connected ridges, through immenſe regions, and hide their craggy tops in the clouds of Heaven. Their ſummits are gilded with ſun-beams, while their middle regions are involved in ſtorms and darkneſs.

IMMENSE *lakes*, or inland ſeas, connected by ſtraits, border the whole of the northern frontier of the United States, and connect, in commercial relations, countries, which are as remote from each other,

as the Barumpooter from the Indus. Between two of theſe lakes, the *cataract* of Niagara tumbles, headlong, from the clouds; a white column of 170 feet in height, hangs ſuſpended in the air; the ſpray riſes, and exhibits the rainbow in all its beauty; while the thundering of the torrent drowns every other noiſe, and is heard in diſtant regions.

LANDSCAPES, of boundleſs extent, and infinite variety, are preſented on every ſide. From the top of a mountain, in this country, I have frequently viewed the ſurrounding ſcenes, and felt the poetical ardor kindle within me at the proſpect. With one glance, the eye will often ſurvey extenſive and luxuriant plains, covered with cattle, and rich in verdure; rivers flowing with a ſmooth and undiſturbed ſurface, or roaring over rugged bottoms; hills crowned with orchards, and ſloping their green ſides to the ſun; valleys ſmiling with meadows and flowers, and ſhaded by groves; ſhips winding up the inland waters, and breaking from among the hills; towns, villages and

hamlets, indicative of rational life; and the immenſe ocean, loſt at a diſtance beneath the incumbent ſky.

THESE ſcenes, my dear friend, it is true, are not peculiar to America. They are preſented in every country, but on a ſmaller ſcale. *Here* nature ſeems to have gloried in her might, and to have put forth the higheſt efforts of creative energy. Such ſcenes are calculated to ſeize the imagination, and hurry it into poetical enthuſiaſm. This effect I have frequently witneſſed, as produced upon American minds. Their poets frequently celebrate their rivers, mountains, cataracts and plains; and there is no room to doubt, that at ſome future period, the American *Parnaſſus*, *Goverdhan*, *Hiſſus* and *Ganges*, will be equally conſecrated in poetical ſtory, as thoſe famous mountains and rivers.

INDEED there is no deficiency of poetical talents in the nation at large, and the whole natural ſcenery of the country, tends to fill the mind with grand and ſub-

lime conceptions, and in no ſmall degree with ſenſations of beauty.

BUT ſenſations of exquiſite beauty, are excited more powerfully in the country, which thou, my dear El Haſſan, inhabiteſt, and which I ſtill delight to call my own, than in this, or perhaps in any other. I would not ſuggeſt, that Hinduſtan is deficient in ſcenes of grandeur and ſublimity.

OUR Ganges, Indus, and Barumpooter, traverſe immenſe regions, and refreſh the ocean with an unbounded profuſion of water: Our Goverdhan lifts its top to the clouds, and the mountains of Kuttner and Gauts, overlook kingdoms, and ſeparate nations. Our landſcapes, are extenſive, various and beautiful; and the ocean appears to us, alſo, unmeaſured and unconfined.

BUT exquiſite beauty, rather than amazing grandeur, is the diſtinguiſhing mark of the ſcenes of Hinduſtan. Where, in America, ſhall we look for the *Lotos*, that ſplendid and elegant flower; where

for the *Betel*, the *Sandal Groves*, and the precious "*muſk deer?*" Where ſhall we find bowers equally fragrant?—Vallies equally verdant and vocal, and trees that diſtill balſamic gums? In what American clime do the birds tune their throats to equal melody, and exhibit a plumage equally ſplendid, and ſhapes and motions equally graceful? What American imagination has repreſented the God of Love, like the Hindu *Cama*, "with a bow of ſugar-cane or flowers, with a ſtring of bees and five arrows, each pointed with an Indian bloſſom of a heating quality?"—Where, in America, can we find efforts of imagination equally ſplendid and beautiful, and ſtores of language equally copious?

IN ſhort, the Engliſh and Americans excel the Hindus in reaſon and taſte; but the Hindus leave them far behind in flights of imagination, and beauty of expreſſion. The Hindus, giving way to their native diſpoſitions, ſometimes indulge an exuberance of imagination, and a ſplendor of expreſſion, too great to en-

dure the ſcrutiny of cool reaſon, and correct taſte. How happy would that poet be, who ſhould combine the imagination and copiouſneſs of the Hindu, with the ſublimity and correctneſs of the American!

Letter Eighth.

BELOVED AL HASSAN,

HAVING devoted my two laſt epiſtles, to a conſideration of American poetry, I cannot reſiſt the impulſe, which I feel, to exhibit ſome ſpecimens from the volumes of Hindu poetry; that by a compariſon thou mayeſt be able to judge of the propriety of the ſentiments, which I have exhibited upon this ſubject.

THE following addreſs to the Goddeſs SERASWATY, the patroneſs of imagination, and invention, of harmony and eloquence, and the wife of the God BRUMMA, abounds with beautiful imagery, and exquiſite harmony of numbers.

" Sweet grace of Brumma's bed!
Thou, when thy glorious Lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bleſs his power,
Sat'ſt with illumin'd head,
And in ſublime accord

Seven ſprightly notes to hail the auſpicious hour,
Led'ſt from their ſecret bower.

They drank the air; they came
With many a ſparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the ſolar flame,
Now parted, now combined,
Clear, as thy ſpeech, and various, as thy mind.

Young paſſions at the ſound
In ſhadowy forms aroſe
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, ſure to reign;
Joy, that o'erleaps all bounds,
Grief, that in ſilence grows,
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,
Pale fear, and ſtern diſdain,
Grim wrath's avenging hand,
Love nurſed in dimple ſmooth,
That every pang can ſooth.

Thee, her great parent, owns
All-ruling eloquence;
That, like full Ganga, pours her ſtream divine,
Alarming States and Thrones;
To fix the flying ſenſe
Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line,
(Stupendous art!) was thine;
Thine with the pointed reed,
To give primeval truth
Th' unfading bloom of youth,
And paint on deathleſs leaves high virtue's meed

Fair ſcience, Heaven-born child,
And playful fancy on thy boſom ſmiled.

Who bids the fretted vene
Start from his deep repoſe,
And wakes to melody the quivering frame?
What youth, with godlike mein,
O'er his bright ſhoulder throws [flame,
The verdant gourd, that ſwells with ſtruggling
Narad, immortal name!
He, like his potent ſire,
Creative ſpreads around
The mighty world of ſound,
And calls from ſpeaking wood etherial fire;
While to th' accordant ſtrings [ſings.
Of boundleſs heavens and heavenly deeds he

But look! the jocund hours
A lovelier ſcene diſplay,
Young *Hindol* ſportive in his golden ſwing,
High canopied with flowers,
While Ragnies ever gay
Toſs the light cordage, and in cadence ſing
The ſweet return of ſpring."

THE perſonification of the "ſeven ſprightly notes," in the firſt verſe, is bold, pictureſque and novel. "They drank the air," is extremely expreſſive of the influence, which muſical inſtruments, when played, have upon the ſurrounding atmoſphere. The introduction of theſe airs

beings, into "the mazy dance," and the compariſon of them with "yon bright orbs, that gird the ſolar flame," is a very happy mode of deſcribing the apparent intricacy, but perfect harmony and regularity of fine muſic. The power, which muſic has to excite every paſſion, is finely deſcribed in the third verſe, where the "young paſſions" are repreſented, as ſtarting into being "at the ſound." Their perpetual empire "o'er hearts yet uncreated," is elegantly told in a ſingle line.—What can be more conciſe, and yet more glowing, than the deſcription of the paſſions?

"Hope that with honey blends the cup of pain:"
"Love nurſed in dimple ſmooth,
"That every pang can ſooth."

THE compariſon of eloquence:

"That, like full Ganga, pours her ſtream divine,
"Alarming ſtates and thrones,"

is in the higheſt degree noble and dignified.

The Invention of Letters is finely deſcribed in the fourth verſe. The fifth ex-

hibits, with all the charms of varied numbers and appropriate imagery, the powers of Nared, in inſtrumental and vocal muſic.

" He like his potent fire
" Creative, ſpreads around
" The mighty world of ſound,
" And calls from ſpeaking wood etherial fire :"

THE laſt verſe is animated with the higheſt powers of perſonification. The *Ragnies*, or female paſſions, are repreſented with great propriety, as being " ever gay," and ſinging in cadence the ſweet return of ſpring."

THE hymn, a part of which I am now about to tranſcribe, addreſſed to *Narayna*, or the ſpirit of God, unites Aſiatic beauty with European ſublimity.

" Spirit of ſpirits, who through every part
Of ſpace expanded, and of endleſs time,
Beyond the reach of lab'ring thought ſublime,
Badſt uproar into beauteous order ſtart,
Before Heaven was, thou art.

Ere ſpheres beneath us roll'd, or ſpheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental æther hung,
Thou ſat'ſt alone, till thro' thy myſtic love

Things unexiſting to exiſtence ſpring
And grateful deſcant ſung.

Omniſcient ſpirit, whoſe all-ruling power
Bids from each ſenſe bright emanations beam,
Glows in the rainbow, ſparkles in the ſtream,
Smiles in the bud, and gliſtens in the flower,
That crowns each vernal bower,
Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of every bird, that hails the bloomy ſpring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilſt envious artiſt touch the rival ſtring,
Till rocks and foreſts ring;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the Sandal grove,
Or where the precious Muſk Deer playful rove,
In dulcet juice, from cluſt'ring fruit diſtills,
And burns ſalubrious in the tafteful clove:
Soft banks and verduous hills
Thy preſent influence fills;
In air, in floods, in caverns, hills and plains,
Thy will inſpirits all, thy ſovereign Maya reigns.

Blue chryſtal vault and elemental fires,
That in the ætherial fluid blaze, and breathe;
Thou toſſing main, whoſe ſnaky branches wreathe
This penſile orb, with intertwiſting gyres;
Mountains, whoſe lofty ſpires,
Preſamptuous, rear their ſummits to the ſkies,
And blend their em'rald hue with ſapphire light,
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with vary-
[ing dyes
Of dew-beſpangled leaves and bloſſoms bright,

Hence ! vaniſh from my ſight
Deluſive pictures ! unſubſtantial ſhows !
My ſoul abſorb'd, one only being knows,
Of all perceptions one abuudant ſource,
Whence every object, every moment flows :
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their courſe ;
But ſuns and fading worlds I view no more ;
God only I perceive ; God only I adore.

To point out all the beauties of the Poem, from which theſe ſtanzas are extracted, it would be neceſſary to deſcant upon every line ; for very rarely, I believe, has it been exceeded, either in glowing and exceſſive beauty, or amazing ſublimity. Thou ſeeſt, my dear El Haſſan, that the ſpirit of Hindu poetry, has not ceaſed to animate the breaſt of thy moſt faithful friend.

Letter Ninth.

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THE attention, which I have lately paid to the ſubject of Hindu and American poetry, inſenſibly led me to a peruſal of the *ſacred books* of this country, which I had often heard commended, as containing the firſt inſtances of poetical grandeur and beauty. My labor has met its complete reward, in the pleaſure which I have experienced from the diſcovery of ſeveral complete books of poetry in theſe ſacred writings, and of numerous paſſages, ſcattered up and down, among proſaic performances, which, from this very circumſtance, ſhine with peculiar beauty and ſplendor.

A SHORT paſtoral Poem, intituled "The Song of Solomon," which, in its *literal* ſenſe is a celebration of mutual love; a reciprocal and highly elegant deſcription of the graces and beauties of the lovers;

and a rich poetical painting of the paſtoral ſcenes, in which their loves are to be enjoyed. Conſidered in its literal meaning, it is a moſt elegant and charming paſtoral. It has all the ſimplicity of nature, bold in language and ſentiment. The perſons of the lovers are beautiful, graceful and elegant, as they came from the hand of nature, without the decorations of ſplendid ornament, or the blandiſhments of artificial manners. Their ſentiments are natural, glowing and tender; and their mutual affection and aſpirations after each other's ſociety, are warm and impaſſioned in the higheſt degree. The ſcenery is rich, brilliant and poetical. The objects mentioned are thoſe, which charm every eye, and ſooth every heart. The delicacies and beauties of nature are brought into one view, which, preſents whatever can delight the ſenſe, and charm the ſoul. The ſtyle is ſimple, but harmonious and elegant. With all theſe advantages, it cannot fail to intereſt a lover of nature, of whatever religion or country.

289382A

BUT theſe advantages are in the view of the Chriſtians the leaſt, which it has to boaſt. Their moſt learned and pious Brahmins agree in opinion, that this beautiful poem is merely a figurative expreſſion of the reciprocal love of JESUS CHRIST and his CHURCH; and as ſuch they read it with the moſt devout ſentiments, while the profane conſider it, as being the effuſion of the uxorious and poetical mind of Solomon, which delighted in the contemplation of love and poetry.

I CONFESS I am of opinion, that the *literal* meaning is not the *true* one. If it was really the daughter of love and poetry, why has it found a place in a collection of writings, whoſe principal object appears to be the ſubjugation of every natural propenſity, to the dominion of the ſoul? Thou, my friend, who haſt often peruſed the pages of Hindu and Perſian poetry, knoweſt, that many of the moſt important doctrines of the religions of Perſia and Hinduſtan are conveyed in poetical numbers, and in a figurative

ſtyle. The literal meaning often appears voluptuous, but the myſtical is holy and elevated.

ALL the charms of ſociety, of love, and of wine, are drawn in to aſſiſt the fervor of religious affections; and while the imagination of a voluptuary would revel in intellectual luxury, the religious mind ſoars on the wings of rapture to the great Firſt Cauſe.

BUT which ever opinion may be correct, with reſpect to the Song of Solomon, I was inſtantly ſtruck by the ſimilarity of the deſign, to that of the *Gitagovinda* of our charming lyric poem *Jayadeva*.

THIS, thou wilt remember, is a *paſtoral drama*, drawn from the tenth book of the Bhagavet, in which are celebrated the loves of CHRISHNA (called alſo by ſeveral other names) and RADHA; or, as our Brahmins interpret it, "the reciprocal attraction between the divine goodneſs and the human ſoul." Thou, my dear El Haſſan, haſt been preſent with me at *Calinga*, the reputed native place of Jay-

adeva; where the people "celebrate in honour of him an annual jubilee, paſſing a whole night in repreſenting his drama, and in ſinging his beautiful ſongs."

THERE we have heard the mellifluous numbers of this delightful poet; while the moon has liſtened in the heavens, and the ſongſters of night have ſung reſponſively from the groves. The poetical painting of the Gitagovinda is rich and ſplendid. The colors are glowing, yet tempered with that mild radiance, which ſoothes, and relieves, while it delights the eye. The deſcriptions are particular, and therefore preciſe. The tree, the flower, and the rivulet, ſtand forth to the eye; every object is painted in its own appropriate colors; there is no unmeaning rhapſody and obſcure daubing; but every part is perfect in itſelf, and maintains a juſt relation to the whole. The characters, particularly the two principal ones, viz. CHRISHNA and RADHA, although ſingular, and out of life (as indeed that of Criſhna ought to be, ſince he is repreſented, as a God)

are conſiſtent with themſelves, and carry ſuch marks of identity, that they are inſtantly known, wherever they occur.

THERE is one remarkable difference between the Hindu and American taſte. The Hindus "have no idea, that any thing, which is natural, can be offenſively obſcene." Hence the images, ſtatues and paintings of Hinduſtan, exhibit the human perſon without reſerve. Thoſe parts, which modeſty, or guilt, induces all civilized, and moſt barbarous nations, to conceal, are by them expoſed, in their monuments of ſculpture and painting, with no more ſcruple, than the hands, the arms, and the face.

THIS practice, which may be indicative of great purity, or exceſſive corruption, originates from a ſet of feelings and ideas, which exert a kindred influence over every thing, which the Hindu ſays, or does. Hence, in our poetry, there is often found a luxuriancy of deſcription, which, to nations who have been accuſtomed to a dif-

ferent courſe of thinking upon theſe objects, appears extremely wanton and voluptuous.

THE Gitagovinda of Jayadeva falls under this imputation, in a certain degree; although thoſe inſtances, in which it would be cenſured by the American taſte, are probably leſs cenſurable, than the greater number of parallel inſtances from other Hindu and Perſian poets. In order, my dear El Haſſan, that thou mayeſt be able to form a compariſon between the famous Gitagovinda and the Song of Solomon, I ſhall, in a future epiſtle, extract ſome paſſages from each; that by ſeeing ſpecimens of both theſe favorite poems together, thou mayeſt be able to form a parallel or a contraſt, between them. But I muſt be allowed to extract more or leſs copiouſly, as the feelings of the moment may dictate; for, upon poetical ſubjects, I often throw the reins upon the neck of fancy, and ſuffer myſelf to be hurried, wherever it leads. Reaſon however is always at hand to curb the exceſſes of paſſion, and

the wanderings of imagination. With unceaſing affection, I am, my dear El Haſſan, thy faithful Friend.

Letter Tenth.

PRAISE TO GANESA,

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

MAY the Goddeſs *Seraſwaty*, the patroneſs of imagination and invention, of harmony and eloquence; may the muſical *Kriſhen*, with the nine tuneful *Gopia*; may the quiver-bearing God *Cama*, with the beautiful Ragnies; may all the powers of love and poetry, and may the immortal BRUMMA himſelf, ſeconded, with their moſt auſpicious influences, our humble attempts to compare the literature and poetry of diſtant and diſſimilar countries.

I REMARKED in my laſt epiſtle, that both the Gitagovinda and Solomon's Song, have, in all probability, a myſtical meaning. This opinion I ſtill believe to be correct; but with this myſtical meaning, thou wilt perceive, my dear friend, that I have at preſent no concern. My object is to glance at the two works in the char-

acter of poems. As ſuch I ſhall conſider them, and leave the myſtical meaning to be explained and enforced by the holy Brahmins, to whom this office belongs.

THERE is certainly no impropriety in thus conſidering them; for the poetical garb, in which the writers have thought proper to convey their ſentiments, may form, with the higheſt propriety, a ſubject of critical eulogium, whatever recondite meaning may lie concealed beneath ſo faſcinating an exterior.

THE following verſes are in my opinion highly beautiful. They are taken from the 2d Chapter of Solomon's Song:—"I am the roſe of Sharon, and the lilly of the valley. As the lilly among thorns, ſo is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, ſo is my beloved among the ſons. I ſat down under his ſhadow with great delight; and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte. He brought me to the banqueting houſe, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flaggons, comfort we with

apples; for I am ſick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me."

THE following verſes are diſtinguiſhed by a ſingular animation of ſentiment, and melody of numbers:

"THE voice of my beloved! behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, ſkipping upon the hills. My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, riſe up, my love, my fair one, and come away."

WHAT can be more beautiful, than the lines which follow?—"For lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the ſinging *of birds* is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; until the day break, and the ſhadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether." The mutual eulogium, which follows, is in the higheſt degree rich and glowing:

"BEHOLD thou *art* fair, my love! Behold thou *art* fair! Thou haſt dove's eyes within thy locks. Thy lips are, like a thread of ſcarlet, and thy ſpeech is comely. Thy two breaſts are, like two young roes, that are twins, which feed among the lillies. Until the day break and the ſhadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of Myrrh, and to the hill of Frankincenſe. Thou *art* all fair my love; *there* is not ſpot in thee. Come with me from Lebanon, my ſpouſe, with me from Lebanon. Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lion's dens, from the mountains of the Leopards.

"THOU haſt raviſhed my heart, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe; thou haſt raviſhed my heart with one of thine eyes. Thy lips, O my ſpouſe, drop, as the honeycomb. Honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the ſmell of thy garments is like the ſmell of Lebanon.

"AWAKE, O north wind, and come thou ſouth; blow upon my garden, that

the ſpices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleaſant fruits."

THE reply is not leſs tender, ardent and poetical. "I am come into my garden, my ſiſter, my ſpouſe. I have gathered my myrrh with my ſpices; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drank my wine with my milk. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O my beloved."

"MY beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefeſt among ten thouſand. His head *is*, as the moſt fine gold; his locks *are* buſhy, *and* black, as a raven. His eyes *are*, as *the eyes* of doves by the rivers of waters, waſhed with milk, and fitly ſet. His cheeks *are*, as a bed of ſpices, as ſweet flowers; his lips like lillies dropping ſweet-ſmelling myrrh. His hands *are*, *as* gold rings ſet with the bery; his belly is bright ivory overlaid with ſapphires. His legs *are*, *as* pillars of marble ſet upon ſockets of fine gold. His countenance is, as Lebanon, excellent, as the cedars. His

mouth is moſt ſweet ; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and is my friend, O daughters of Jeruſalem."

THE prevailing characteriſtics of this Poem are delicacy, richneſs and beauty ; but the following paſſages partake in no ſmall degree of grandeur :

" THOU art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah ; comely, as Jeruſalem ; terrible, as *an army* with banners.

" WHO is ſhe, that looketh forth, as the morning; fair, as the moon, clear, as the ſun, and terrible, as *an army* with banners."

AGAIN the Poem returns to its uſual beauty and elegance.

" HOW beautiful are thy feet with ſhoes, O Princes' daughters ! Thy two breaſts are, like two young roes, that are twins. Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple ; the king is held in the galleries. How fair and how pleaſant art thou, O love, for delights ! This thy ſtature is, like to a palm

tree, and thy breaſt to cluſters *of grapes*. I ſaid, I will go up to the palm tree; I will take hold of the boughs thereof. Now alſo thy breaſts ſhall be, as cluſters of the vine, and the ſmell of thy noſe, like apples; and the roof of thy mouth, like the beſt wine, for my beloved, that goeth *down* ſweetly, cauſing the lips of thoſe, that are aſleep to ſpeak. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us ſee if the vine flouriſh, *whether* the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates put forth; for there will I give thee my loves. The mandrakes give a ſmell, and at our gates *are* all manner of pleaſant *fruits*, new and old, *which* I have laid up for thee, O my beloved."

THESE, my dear El Haſſan, are ſome ſpecimens of this beautiful Poem. I could not have tranſcribed any part, which is not fraught with peculiar beauty. Indeed, if I had gratified my own inclination, I ſhould have tranſcribed the whole. In my next epiſtle, I ſhall produce ſome ſpecimens of the Gitago-

vinda, which I fear will ſuffer by the compariſon. In the eſtimation of its merits, the peculiarities of the Hindu taſte ſhould be kept conſtantly in view.

Letter Eleventh.

SALUTATION TO GANESA,
BELOVED EL HASSAN, FRIEND OF MY HEART,

AS the pilgrim, who having traverſed immenſe deſarts, where no verdure ſprings to cheer the eye, and not a flower perfumes the ſcorching winds; arriving at length in ſome green vale, where rivulets are enamelled with banks of flowers, trees drop balſamic gums, birds ſing in the thickets, and fragrance floats in the wind, ſtops a while; and, enchanted by ſuch various beauty, lingers till evening; ſo I, having arrived in the Elyſian regions of poetry and imagination, not content to ſtay an hour, and then depart, ſtill love to ramble into every grove, and to trace the beauties of every proſpect.

AS my laſt contained ſome of the many beauties of Solomon's Song, it now remains to exhibit ſome ſpecimens of the

Gitagovinda. Thou, my friend, wilt remember, that the ſubject of this Poem is the loves of RADHA and CHRISHNA. Chriſhna is called through the poem by ſeveral other names, as *Heri*, *Madhava*, the vanquiſher of the demon *Ceſi*, the deſtroyer of *Canſa*, &c.

THE introductory lines of the Poem inform the reader of the ſubject.*

"THE firmament is obſcured by clouds; the woodlands are black with *Tamala* trees. That youth, who roves in

* The *ſtory* of the following poem is ſimply this. CHRISHNA or "the divine goodneſs," having deſcended from heaven, wanders about in the foreſt, at the twilight, waiting for RADHA or "the human ſoul, to come forth *voluntarily*, and ſolicit him to enter her cottage, and ſhare its hoſpitality.

Radha delaying to go forth, Chriſhna, offended, betakes himſelf to thoſe, who are more anxious for his preſence.

Radha, alarmed and almoſt in deſpair, ſeeks the offended God a long time in the foreſt. She ſeeks him long in vain; but at length is admitted to his embraces; although this is the conſummation of her wiſhes, ſtill ſhe exhibits the coyneſs and reluctance of beauty reſolving to ſubmit, yet loth to yield its independence.

The ardor of Chriſhna repreſents the ready diſpoſition of the "divine goodneſs" to be reconciled to "the human ſoul."

The "officious friend" of Radha, probably repreſents the combined force of an awakened conſcience, and an alarmed imagination.

It is neceſſary to remember that both Chriſhna and Radha are called frequently by other names; but they are eaſily diſtinguiſhed by their actions and ſentiments.

the foreſt will be fearful in the gloom of night. Go my daughter, bring the wanderer home to my ruſtic manſion. Such was the command of Nanda, the fortunate herdſman; and hence aroſe the love of RADHA and MADHAVA, who ſported on the banks of Yamana, or haſtened eagerly to the ſecret bower."

OBEDIENT to the command of her father, RADHA goes out into the foreſt in ſearch of CRISHNA. The poem then proceeds.

"RADHA ſought him long in vain, and her thoughts were confounded by the fever of deſire. She roved in the vernal morning among the twining *Vaſantis*; covered with ſoft bloſſoms; when a damſel thus addreſſed her with youthful hilarity.

"The gale, that has wantoned round the beautiful clove plants, breathes now from the hills of *Malaya*. The *Tamala*, with leaves dark and odorous, claims a tribute from the muſk, which it vanquiſhes. See the bunches of *Patali* flowers filled with bees, like the quiver of *Smara*, full of

ſhafts; while the *Amra* tree, with blooming treſſes, is embraced by the gay creeper *Atimucta*, and the blue ſtreams of *Yamuna*,* wind round the groves of *Vrindavan*. *In this charming ſeaſon, which gives pain to ſeperated lovers, young* HERI *ſports and dances with a company of damſels.*"

THE jealous RADHA gave no anſwer; and ſoon after, her officious friend, perceiving the foe of MURA in the foreſt, eager for the rapturous embraces of the herdſmen's daughters, with whom he was dancing, thus again addreſſed his forgotten miſtreſs.

"WITH a garland of wild flowers, deſcending even to the yellow mantle, that girds his azure limbs, diſtinguiſhed by ſmiling cheeks and by ear-rings, that ſparkle, as he plays, *Heri exults in the aſſembly of amorous damſels*. One of them preſſes him with her ſwelling breaſt; while ſhe warbles with exquiſite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, ſtands meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretence of whiſpering a ſecret in his ear, approaches his temples

* An Indian river.

and kiſſes them with ardor. One ſeizes his mantle, and draws him towards her, pointing to the bower on the banks of *Yamuna;* where elegant *Vanjulas* interweave their branches. He applauds another, who dances in the ſportive circle; whilſt her bracelets ring, as ſhe beats time with her palms. Now he careſſes one, and kiſſes another, ſmiling on a third with complacency; and now he chaſes her, whoſe beauty has moſt allured him. Thus the wanton *Heri* frolicks, in the ſeaſon of ſweets, among the maids of *Vraja*, who ruſh to his embraces, as if he were pleaſure itſelf, aſſuming a human form; and one of them, under a pretext of hymning his divine perfections, whiſpers in his ears "thy lips, my beloved, are nectar."

"*RADHA* remains in the foreſt; but reſenting the promiſcuous paſſion of HERI, retires to a bower of twining plants; and there falling languid on the ground, ſhe thus addreſſes her female companion."

HERE follows a charming ſtrain of love, reſentment and forgiveneſs, which

the poet puts into the mouth of *Radha*. The following are among the fineſt paſſages.

"*THOUGH he take recreation in my abſence, and ſmile on all around him; yet my ſoul remembers him*, whoſe locks are decked with the plumes of peacocks, reſplendent with many colored moons; and whoſe mantle gleams with a dark blue cloud, illumined with rainbows. Bring him, who formerly ſlept on my boſom, to recline with me on a green bed of leaves juſt gathered; while his lip ſheds dew, and my arms enfold him. Bring him, who formerly drew me by the locks to his embrace, to repoſe with me; whoſe feet tinkle, as they move, with rings of gold and of gems; whoſe looſened zone ſounds, as it falls; and whoſe limbs are ſlender and flexible, as the creeping plant. Soft is the gale, which breathes over yon clear pool, and expands the cluſtering bloſſoms of the voluble *Aſoea*. Soft, yet grievous to me, is the abſence of the foe of *Madhu*. Delightful are the flowers of

Amra trees, on the mountain top; while the murmuring bees purſue their voluptuous toil. Delightful, yet afflicting to me, O friend, is the abſence of the youthful *Ceſava.*"

REMORSE, in the mean time, ſeizes the breaſt of CRISHNA, whom the poet here calls "the deſtroyer of CANSA." He leaves the wanton ſhepherdeſſes, begins a fruitleſs ſearch for RADHA; and ſeating himſelf in a bower, pours forth his lamentations.

"SHE is departed. She ſaw me, no doubt, ſurrounded by the wanton ſhepherdeſſes. *Woe is me! ſhe feels a ſenſe of injured honor, and is departed in wrath.* I ſeem to behold her face, with eye brows contracting themſelves through her juſt reſentment. It reſembles a freſh lotos, over which two black bees are fluttering. Grant me but a ſight of thee, O lovely RADHA, for my paſſion torments me. I am not the terrible MAHESA. A garland of water-lillies, with ſubtil threads, decks my ſhoulders; not ſerpents with twiſted

folds; the blue petals of the lotos glitter on my neck; not the azure gleam of poiſon. Powdered ſandal wood is ſprinkled on my limbs; not pale aſhes. O God of Love, wound me not again; hold not in thy hand that ſhaft, armed with an *Amra* flower! My heart is already pierced by arrows from RADHA's eyes, black and keen, as thoſe of an antelope. Her eyes are full of ſhafts; her eye-brows are bows. I meditate on her delightful embrace, on the raviſhing glances darted from her eye, on the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping ſpeech, on her lips, ruddy, as the berries of the BIMBA. Yet even my fixed meditation, on ſuch an aſſemblage of charms, increaſes, inſtead of alleviating the miſeries of ſeparation."

THE female friend of RADHA preſents herſelf before CRISHNA, and relates in charming ſtrains the deſtruction of her friend. I ſelect only a few paſſages.

"SHE declares the gale of Malaya to be venom, and the ſandal trees, through

which it has breathed, to have been the haunt of ſerpents. Thus, O *Madhava*, *is ſhe afflicted in thy abſence with the pain, which love's darts has occaſioned; her ſoul is fixed on thee.* Her face is like a water-lilly, veiled in the dew of tears; and her eyes appear like moons eclipſed. Herſelf (alas! through thy abſence) is become a timid roe; and love is the tiger, who ſprings on her, like *Yama*, the genius of death. Her ſighs form a breeze long extended; and burn her, like the flame, which reduced *Candarpa* to aſhes. She throws around her eyes, like blue water-lillies with broken ſtalks, dropping lucid ſtreams. Even her bed of tender leaves appears, in her ſight, like a kindled fire. The palm of her hand ſupports her aching temple, motionleſs, as the creſcent riſing at eve."

CRISHNA then replies to the maid. "Here have I choſen my abode; go quickly to Badha; ſoothe her with my meſſage, and conduct her hither."

SHE haſtens back and addreſſes her companion in the following very beautiful ſtrains.

"WHILST a ſweet breeze from the hills of *Malaya*, comes wafting on his plumes the young god of deſire; while many a flower points his extended petals to pierce the boſom of ſeparated lovers, *the drity, crowned with ſylvan blaſſems, laments, O friend, in thy abſence.* Even the dewy rays of the moon burn him. When the bees murmer ſoftly, he covers his ears. He quits his radiant place for the wild foreſts; where he ſinks on a bed of cold clay, and frequently mutters thy name. *Having bound his locks with foreſt flowers, he haſtens to your arbor; where a ſoft gale breathes over the banks of Yamuna.* With a mind languid, as a drooping wing, feeble as a trembling leaf, he doubtfully expects thy approach; and timidly looks on the path, which thou muſt tread. O friend, haſtily caſt over thee thy azure mantle, and run to the gloomy bower. The reward of thy ſpeed, O thou, who ſparkleſt, like lightning, will be to ſhine on the blue boſom of MURARI; which reſembles a vernal cloud, decked with a ſtring of pearls, like a flock of white water-birds flutter-

ing in the air. The bright beamed God sinks in the weſt. The blackneſs of the night is increaſed; and the paſſionate imagination of GOVINDA has acquired additional gloom. Seize the moment of delight in the place of aſſignation with the ſon of DEVAGE."

BUT the maid, perceiving that *RADHA* could not move from the place through exceſſive debility, haſtens back, and deſcribes to *CRISHNA* the ſituation of his beloved.

"*SHE mourns, O ſovereign of the world, in her verdant bower.* She repeats again and again the name of HERI; and catching at a dark blue cloud, ſtrives to embrace it; ſaying, "it is my beloved, who approaches." If a leaf but quiver, ſhe ſuppoſes thee arrived. She ſpreads her couch. She forms in her mind a hundred modes of delight. Yet if thou come not to the bower, ſhe muſt die this night through exceſſive anguiſh. By this time the moon ſpread a net of beams over the groves of *Vrindavan*; and looked, like a

drop of liquid ſandal on the face of the ſky; which ſmiled like a beautiful damſel, while its orb with many ſpots betrayed, as it were, a conſciouſneſs of guilt, in having often attended amorous maids to the loſs of their family honor. The moon, with a black fawn couched on its diſk, advanced in its nightly courſe; but *MADHAVA* had not yet advanced to the bower of *RADHA*, who thus bewailed his delay, with notes of varied lamentation."

THE remainder of the Gitagovinda muſt be deferred to the next epiſtle of thy friend.

Letter Twelfth.

BELOVED AL HARIAN,

I HAVE not yet done with the *Gita-govinda* of *Jayadeva*. Having dipped into this elegant Poem, I am not willing to leave it, until I have taken a glance at all its principal beauties. Thou wilt remember, that we left RADHA about to bewail the delay of CHRISHNA. Among other pathetic ſentiments, ſhe utters the following:

"THE appointed moment is come; but HERI, alas! comes not to the grove. The coolneſs of this vernal night gives me pain inſtead of refreſhment. Some happier damſel enjoys my beloved; whilſt I, alas! am looking at the gems of my bracelets, which are blackened by the flames of my paſſion."

SEEING her damſel return without CHRISHNA, her jealouſy riſes to phrenzy;

and the poet makes her behold, in imagination, her lover in the arms of a rival.

"YES, in habiliments becoming the war of love, and with trefles, waving like flowery banners, *a damsel, more alluring than* RADHA, *enjoys the conqueror of* MADHU. Her form is transfigured by the touch of her divine lover. Her garland quivers over her swelling bosom. Her face, like the moon, is graced with clouds of dark hair, and trembles while she quaffs the nectareous dew of his lips; she floats on the waves of desire; and closes her eyes, dazzled with the blaze of approaching Cama. See how he kisses the lip of my rival, and imprints on her forehead an ornament of pure musk, black as the young antelope on the lunar orb! Now, like the husband of RATI, he fixes white blossoms on her dark locks, where they gleam like flashes of lightning among the curled clouds. On her breasts, like two firmaments, he places a string of gems, like a radiant constellation. Mark, how my soul, attracted by his irresistible charms,

burſts from its mortal frame, and ruſhes to mix with its beloved."

"PIERCED by the arrows of love, ſhe paſſed the night in the agonies of deſpair; and at early dawn thus rebuked her lover, whom ſhe ſaw laying proſtrate before her, and imploring her forgiveneſs.

"ALAS! *alas! go Madhava; depart, O Ceſavi; ſpeak not the language of guile; follow her, O lotos-eyed God, follow her, who diſpels thy care.*"

HAVING thus inveighed againſt her beloved, ſhe ſat, overwhelmed in grief, and ſilently meditated on his charms;—when the damſel ſoftly addreſſed her:

"HE is gone. The light air has wafted him away. *Continue not, reſentful woman, thy indignation againſt the beautiful Madhava.* Why ſhouldeſt thou render vain thoſe round ſmooth vaſes, ample and ripe as the fruit of yon *Tala* tree? How often have I ſaid, forſake not the blooming *Heri!*"

CHRISHNA, after a ſhort abſence, returns, and by his eloquence, his fervor and praiſe, entirely appeaſes the anger of *Radha*. Among other impaſſioned ſentiments, he ſays :

" THY lips are a *Bandhujiva* flower ; the luſtre of the *Madhuca* beams on thy cheek ; thine eyes out-ſhine the blue *Lotos* ; thy noſe is a bud of the *Tila* ; the *Cunda* bloſſom yields to thy teeth : Thus the flower-ſhafted God, borrows from thee the points of his darts, and ſubdues the univerſe. Surely thou deſcendedſt from Heaven, O, ſlender damſel, attended by a company of youthful goddeſſes ; and all their beauties are collected in thee."

" HE ſpake ; and ſeeing her appeaſed by his homage, flew to his bower, clad in a gay mantle. The night now veiled all viſible objects ; and the damſel thus exhorted *Radha*, while ſhe decked her with beaming ornaments.

" *Follow, gentle Radhica, follow the foe of Madhu.* His diſcourſe was elegantly com-

poſed of ſoft phraſes; he proſtrated himſelf at thy feet; and he now haſtens to his delightful couch, by yon grove of branching *Vanjulas*. The night now dreſſes in habiliments fit for ſecrecy, the many damſels, who haſten to their places of aſſignation; ſhe ſets off with blackneſs their beautiful eyes; fixes dark *Tamala* leaves behind their ears; decks their locks with the deep azure of water-lillies, and ſprinkles muſk on their panting boſoms. The nocturnal ſky, black as the touchſtone, tries now the gold of their affection, and is marked with rich lines from the flaſhes of their beauty, in which they ſurpaſs the brighteſt *Caſhmirians*."

"RADHA, thus incited, tripped through the foreſt; but ſhame overpowered her, when by the light of innumerable gems, on the arms, the feet, and the neck of her beloved, ſhe ſaw him at the door of his flowery manſion. Then her damſel again addreſſed her with ardent exultation:

"ENTER, ſweet *Radha*, the bower of *Heri*: Seek delight, O thou, whoſe bo-

fons laughs with the foretaſte of happineſs. Enter, ſweet *Radha*, the bower, graced with a bed of *Aſoca* leaves: Seek delight, O thou, whoſe garland leaps with joy upon thy breaſt. Enter, ſweet *Radha*, the bower illumined with gay bloſſoms: Seek delight, O thou, whoſe limbs far excel them in ſoftneſs. Enter, O *Radha*, the bower made cool and fragrant by gales from the woods of *Malaya*: Seek delight, O thou, whoſe amorous lays are ſofter than breezes. Enter, O *Radha*, the bower ſpread with leaves of twining creepers: Seek delight, O thou, whoſe arms have been long inflexible. Enter, O, *Radha*, the bower which reſounds with the murmur of honey-making bees: Seek delight, O thou, whoſe embrace yields more exquiſite ſweetneſs."

"SHE ended; and *Radha*, with timid joy, darting her eyes on *Govinda*, while ſhe muſically ſounded the rings of her ankles, and the bells of her zone, entered the myſtic bower of her only beloved.—*There ſhe beheld her Madhava, who delighted in her alone; who ſo long had ſighed for*

her embrace; and whoſe eyes then gleamed with exceſſive rapture. His heart was agitated by her ſight, as the waves of the deep are affected by the lunar orb. His azure breaſt glittered with pearls of unblemiſhed luſtre, like the full bed of the Cercelean *Yamuna*, interſperſed with curls of white foam. From his graceful waiſt, flowed a pale yellow robe, which reſembled the golden duſt of the water-lilly, ſcattered over its blue petals. His paſſion was inflamed by the glances of her eyes, which played like a pair of water-birds, with azure plumage, that ſport near a full-blown *Lotos*, on a pool, in the ſeaſon of dew. Bright ear-rings, like two ſuns, diſplayed, in full expanſion, the flowers of his cheeks and lips, which gliſtened with the liquid radiance of ſmiles. His locks, interwoven with bloſſoms, were like a cloud variegated with moon-beams; and on his forehead, ſhone a circle of odorous oil, extracted from the ſandal of *Malaya*, like the moon juſt appearing on the duſky horizon; while his body ſeemed in a flame, from the blaze of unnumbered gems. Tears of tranſ-

port guſhed in a ſtream, from the eyes of *Radha*, and their watry glances beamed on her beſt beloved. Even ſhame, which before had taken its abode in their dark pupils, was itſelf aſhamed, and departed, when the fawn-eyed *Radha*, gazed on the brightened face of *Chriſhna*, while ſhe paſſed by the ſoft edge of his couch, and the bevy of his attendant nymphs, pretending to ſtrike the gnats from their cheeks, in order to conceal their ſmiles, warily retired from his bower."

"GOVINDA, ſeeing his beloved cheerful and ſerene, her lips ſparkling with ſmiles, and her eye ſpeaking deſire, thus eagerly addreſſed her, while ſhe careleſſly reclined on the leafy bed, ſtrewn with ſoft bloſſoms.

"Set the lotos of thy foot on this azure boſom; and let this couch be victorious over all, who rebel againſt love. Speak, but one gentle word; bid nectar drop from the bright moon of thy mouth. O! ſuffer me to quaff the liquid bliſs of thoſe lips; reſtore with their water of life

thy ſlave, who has long been lifeleſs; whom the fire of ſeparation has conſumed. O! let affliction ceaſe; and let ecſtacy drown the remembrance of paſt ſorrow."

"IN THE morning ſhe roſe, diſarrayed; and her eyes betrayed a night without ſlumber; when the yellow robed god, who gazed on her with tranſport, thus meditated on her charms in his heavenly mind."

"THOUGH her locks be diffuſed at random, though the luſtre of her lips be faded, though her garland and zone be fallen from their enchanting ſtations, and though ſhe hide their places with her hands, looking toward me with baſhful ſilence; yet, even thus diſarranged, ſhe fills me with extatic delight."

"BUT *Radha*, preparing to array herſelf, before the company of nymphs could ſee her confuſion, ſpake thus with exultation to her obſequious lover.

"PEACE, O ſon of *Yadhu*, with fingers cooler, than ſandal wood, place a cir-

clet of muſk on this breaſt. Place, my darling, the gloſſy powder, which would make the blackeſt bee envious, on this eye, whoſe glances are keener than arrows, darted by the huſband of *Reti*.— Now replace, O tender hearted, the looſe ornaments of my veſture; and reſix the golden bells of my girdle on their deſtined ſtation, which reſembles thoſe hills, where the God with five ſhafts, who deſtroyed *Sambar*, keeps his elephant ready for battle." "While ſhe ſpake, the heart of *Yadhava* triumphed; and, obeying her ſportful beheſts, he placed muſky ſpots on her boſom and forehead, dyed her temples with radiant hues, embelliſhed her eyes with additional blackneſs, decked her braided hair and her neck with freſh garlands; and tied on her wriſts the looſened bracelets, on her ankles the beamy rings, and around her waiſt the zone of bells, that ſounded with raviſhing melody."

"WHATEVER is delightful in the modes of muſic, whatever is divine in meditations on *Viſhnu*, whatever is exquiſite in the ſweet art of love, whatever is grace-

ful in the fine ſtrains of poetry; all that, let the happy and the wiſe learn from the ſongs of *Jayadeva*, whoſe ſoul is united with the feet of *Narayan*."

THUS, my dear friend, thou haſt before thee ſome of the moſt ſtriking beauties of *Solomon's Song*, and of the *Gitagovinda*. The latter is decked with all the exquiſite beauty, and dazzling ſplendor of Indian painting; written in a country, where ſcenes of beauty are more vivid and luxuriant than in any other; and wrought up by the fineſt efforts of Hindu imagination. But it is not ſurpriſing, that its beauties ſhould now and then become too intenſe, for the taſte of a more northern clime. But it muſt always command the admiration of every lover of nature; whether he drew his firſt breath on the banks of the *Ganges*, or the *Hudſon*. It muſt be confeſſed, that the beauties of the Song of Solomon, if they are not equally glowing, are more chaſte, both in morals and taſte, than thoſe of the latter.

THAT the great *Brumma*, by the delicious ſtrains of poetry, contained in the *Gitagovinda*, may allure our minds to a contemplation of "the reciprocal attraction between the Divine Goodneſs and the Human Soul," is the ardent wiſh of thy moſt faithful friend.

Letter Thirteenth.

BELOPHI EL HASSAN,

THANKS to the Goddeſs *Seraſwaty*, thy friend ſtill lives, to obſerve the manners, and inveſtigate the ideas of nations remote from his beloved Hinduſtan. In ſome of my former letters, I have delineated ſome features of the modern philoſophy. I met yeſterday with a philoſopher of this ſchool, whoſe ſentiments were entirely novel to me. He was a grave man about forty years old, affected the character of a philoſopher, and talked much in abſtract and undefined language.

I MET him walking alone upon the banks of the SCHUYLKILL. His appearance attracted my attention; and finding him courteous in his manners, I requeſted the pleaſure of his ſociety in a walk to and fro along the banks of the river.

HE opened his remarks by an elaborate eulogium upon the progreſs of repub-

licaniſm ; which word, as I afterwards found, means *modern philoſophy*. "Thrones (ſaid he) are tottering ; kings tremble at the progreſs of liberty ; nobles and prieſts are conſpiring, but in vain, to prop the altar and the throne. They muſt and they will fall, never to riſe again.

"REPUBLICANISM has made a glorious progreſs in America. A philoſopher and philanthropiſt is in the chair of ſupreme magiſtracy, and the miſſions of monarchy and ariſtocracy are ſkulking into private life.

"BUT what (continued he) ſignifies this, ſo long as a diſtempered and unnatural ſtate of civilization, continues to corrupt the original innocence, and cramp the native freedom of man? I ſigh for the primitive ſtate of nature, and confidently truſt, that this century will ſee it reſtored. The earth, the great parent of man, beaſt, fowl and herb, has been wickedly appropriated to the uſe of individuals. Inſtead of ranging at large over the ample face of nature, I am now forbidden to enter my

neighbor's field, leſt I ſhould tread down his graſs. I am confined by fences to a narrow road, and compelled to travel in a preſcribed track."

SIR, (rejoined I) do you not travel with infinitely more eaſe in an eſtabliſhed road, uſually the ſhorteſt diſtance between the places, which it connects, than you would over mountains and crags, and through moraſſes, deſerts and defiles? And does not the earth, when incloſed and cultivated, produce an hundred times more food, than when overrun by beaſts of the foreſt, and covered with heath and jungle? Does not a cultivated country alſo exhibit to the eye a landſcape, beyond compariſon more beautiful, than the barren wilderneſs of nature?

"BUT, (ſaid the Philoſopher,) this is no compenſation for the loſs of my liberty; the liberty of rambling juſt where wild unheeding fancy leads.

"HOW oppreſſive is the whole ſyſtem of laws, by which this arbitrary aſſumption of property is defended. Why ſhould

my neighbor ride an elegant Engliſh courſer, breathing fire from his noſtrils, and ſhaking the earth with his tread; while I, a better man than he, becauſe a greater Philoſopher, muſt travel on foot? and ſhould I take his horſe for my own uſe, I muſt ſwing on the gallows, or toil in the mines.

"KINGS, nobles and prieſts, conſpiring againſt the liberty of man, have enacted ſyſtems of laws, on purpoſe to entangle the unwary. There is no crime, where there is no law. A pure ſtate of nature, where man is innocent, does not know a crime; becauſe crimes have never been here created by the inſtitution of laws. What, but a diſtempered civilization, has rendered it criminal to obey the dictates of nature in promiſcuous concubinage? Why ſhould I be confined to one woman, while the whole animal world beſide, obey the impulſe of paſſion, and ſeek gratification, wherever it may be found? Why ſhould I be compelled to ſupport and educate thoſe beings, whom my phyſical energies, operating ac-

cording to the eſtabliſhed laws of nature, without the aſſiſtance of mind, have produced? I am no more accountable for their exiſtence, than the mountain for the cedar, which it bears, or the ſtream for the wheel, which it turns. As therefore the cedar is cut down, and the mountain does not mourn; the wheel is removed, but the ſtream ſtill continues to flow; ſo thoſe beings may be born, grow up, and die without any claim to my aſſiſtance, and with no title to my love, or my grief."

MR. Philoſopher, rejoined I, your doctrines are new, and I muſt therefore be indulged my doubts; as no one can at once eradicate eſtabliſhed prejudices, or baniſh old modes of thinking.

IF your neighbor's ſuperior induſtry, or good fortune, enables him to ride an Engliſh courſer, while your indolence, or untoward fate, obliges you to walk, why ſhould not laws be made to ſecure to him the fruit of his induſtry, and the gifts of fortune? Your invectives againſt kings,

prieſts and nobles are unfounded. Have crimes been leſs frequent in republics than in monarchies? Let Rome, Athens, Carthage, Venice and modern France, anſwer the queſtion.

YOUR aſſertion, that where there is no law, there is no crime, is falſe. Do not murders, maimings, and rapes, occur more frequently in the ſtate of ſociety, which is called the *ſtate of nature*, than in any other? And do they ceaſe to be crimes, becauſe not forbidden by poſitive laws?

I AM aſtoniſhed, that a Philoſopher ſhould be willing, at a ſingle ſtroke, to deſtroy nearly all the virtue, and the happineſs of life. For why ſhould one man be permitted the uſe of an hundred women, when one will anſwer all the purpoſes of his exiſtence? Aboliſh the inſtitution of marriage, and where would be that ſocial virtue, that mild, but conſtant philanthrophy, which ſprings from the moſt delightful of all connections, the union of congenial ſouls?

"Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each others pillow to repoſe divine."

WHAT would remain in its ſtead, but brutal luſt, emaciating the body, and corrupting the mind?

IN the ſharp conteſt for the fineſt women, for women would then become an article of luxury, what contentions, what public murders, what private aſſaſſinations would enſue! How wretched muſt the women themſelves be, thrown from paramour to paramour, without a dwelling, and without a protector! How would their hearts ſink in that moſt trying hour, when about to give *life* to a rational being, their *own* hangs ſuſpended on a thread!

BUT how, Mr. Philoſopher, can you ſay, that you are not obliged to afford protection and ſupport to the being whom you have begotten? The mountain, it is true, produces the cedar, and the ſtream turns the wheel, according to the eſtabliſhed laws of vegetation and motion; for in them reſides no volition. But you are

a rational being, and in yielding to the impulſe of nature, are able to foreſee the conſequence of your agency. Who ſhall maintain the helpleſs little ſtranger, if you do not? Caſt upon the wide world, and unrecognized by him, who gave it being, the infant muſt periſh, unleſs ſuſtained by the hand of maternal care, or by the voluntary attentions of ſtrangers.

THE Philoſopher pauſed, and ſtroking his beard, as if preparing for another diſplay of his powers, proceeded to condemn civilized life, and to eulogize the ſtate of nature. But the ſequel of our converſation muſt be deferred, till the next epiſtle of thy friend.

Letter Fourteenth.

DEARLY BELOVED EL HASSAN,

THE Philoſopher proceeded.—"The reſtraints of marriage are intolerable. The ſocial affections, of which you ſpeak, are narrow and ſelfiſh. How much more worthy of a philoſopher is that expanded philanthropy, which embraces, within the wide circle of its love, the Greenlander, half buried in his ſnows, and the naked ſavage, panting at the line? Low, debaſed ſouls, corrupted by civilization, may ſeek for objects of charity in the highways and cottages; but let me tell you, ſuch beings can never become *Philoſophers*. Philoſopical philanthropy extends its affections even to other planets, and to other ſyſtems; and conſiders the whole univerſe, as one great republic."

HERE the Philoſopher, aſſuming a loftier ſtep, looked me full in the face, while his countenance expreſſed ſupreme ſatisfaction.

WHAT good, Mr. Philoſopher, (ſaid I) will your philanthropy do to the inhabitants of diſtant ſyſtems, which the moſt rapid comet can hardly reach in his amazing revolution of a thouſand years? What inhabitant of *Herſchel*, a planet, which our fineſt teleſcopes can hardly render viſible, will ever know of the exiſtence of the Philadelphia Philoſopher? What *Greenlander*, or native of *Borneo*, will ever hear one of your philanthropic ſighs, or liſten, as I do, to the eloquence of your tongue? Indeed, ſir, we muſt ſeek objects of charity within our reach. We muſt relieve the unfortunate mendicant in the ſtreets, and cheer the wretched inhabitants of the hut of poverty. Let *Kamſchatka* and *Caffraria* relieve the diſtreſſes of their own inhabitants; and let *us* cheriſh the country, which gave us birth, and do good to the little circle around us.

"YOUR mind (replied the Philoſopher,) is not ſufficiently enlightened to feel the ſublimity of my doctrines. I therefore pardon your prejudices, while I ſtrive to remove them. It is this diſtempered ſtate

of civilization, which has given you theſe falſe conceptions. Could you only ſee a ſociety of men in the ſimple ſtate of nature, you would be proud to throw off your falſe refinements, and reſort to the amiable ſociety of uncorrupted men."

IN the farther *India*, Mr. Philoſopher, (ſaid I) on the borders of the kingdom of *Pegu*, I have ſeen a race of men, almoſt in that amiable ſtate of nature, the contemplation of which produces ſuch raptures in your mind; entirely naked, even in thoſe parts which nature bids us conceal; deſtitute of homes and habitations; almoſt without language; ignorant of agriculture, and ſubſiſting upon berries, and the fleſh of animals torn raw from their bones, and quivering between their teeth as they devour it; without property, without laws, and without decency; ſavage to ſtrangers, and brutal to each other. Is this, Mr. Philoſopher, the boaſted ſtate of nature, which you wiſh to ſee reſtored?

IN a journey which I have made, ſince I have been in your country, to explore the ſhores of the great lakes, and to view

the falls of *Niagara*, I have had ſome opportunities of ſeeing the ſavage nations of this continent. From books I have learnt thoſe particulars, which my own obſervation did not ſupply; and what a picture do I contemplate? In the winter they ſhiver round a wigwam fire, the cold wind whiſtling through the frequent openings, and the ſnow burying them, as they lie wrapped in their furs.

IN the ſummer they baſk in the ſun, till hunger drives them to the chaſe. Then gorged with fleſh, and ſurfeited with blood, they ſleep again, till hunger ſends them anew to the mountains and deſerts.

THEIR women are made beaſts of burden and ſlaves of brutal pleaſures; while their haughty maſters deny them, even the poſſibility of partaking upon equal terms in the joys of that ſenſual paradiſe, which they anticipate beyond the grave.

WAR is the great ruling paſſion, which calls into action all the energies of the American ſavage. Intrepid, ferocious and

invincible in combat, he never leaves the field without victory. The battle commonly proves fatal to the greater number of both ſides, and to the whole of the vanquiſhed party. Few are taken priſoners; and thoſe who are, receive a fate infinitely worſe, than immediate death.

PERHAPS a ſolitary priſoner or two, whom the caprice or pity of their maſters reſerves for the ſervice of the wigwam, eſcape the torture. But he, who is doomed to honor the GOD of WAR, is tied naked to a ſtake, A ſlow fire is kindled around him, which ſcorches without conſuming. The fleſh is lacerated; burning coals are thrown into the open wounds; the ſinews are rent aſunder, and the fleſh torn off, broiled and devoured, before the indignant warrior. At length, when his ſufferings are almoſt paſt endurance, he is looſed from the ſtake, that he may recover his ſpirits a little, and afford his tormenters a further diverſion. His heart remains unſubdued, till death, his beſt friend, releaſes the ſoul from its mangled habitation.

THIS, Mr. Philoſopher, is but a faint outline of that glorious ſtate of nature, to which you would bring back the human race. Should I fill up the picture, it would grow blacker and blacker, till not an agreeable ſhade would be left to cheer the eye.

"BUT (replied the Philoſopher) will you make no account of the racks and the gibbets, the pillories, the priſons and the whipping-poſts of civil ſociety? Will you not notice the tyranny of prieſts, who would blind our eyes, that they may filch our purſes, and put hooks in our noſes?

"COURTS of juſtice, laws and magiſtrates, encroaching on our natural liberty, compel us to pay our debts, to curb our paſſions, and reſpect the CREATED rights of our neighbors. I am tired of theſe eternal reſtraints. I ſigh for the liberty of doing, what I pleaſe, the glorious liberty of nature.

"BUT the ÆRA is now dawning in America, when civil government ſhall

either be completely aboliſhed, or ſo ſoftened and accommodated to the primeval innocence of man, as to be no longer a burden. Religion, that tool of ſtateſmen, and idol of fools, with its miniſters, its temples, and its votaries, ſhall be ſwept into oblivion.

"MARRIAGE ſhall be aboliſhed, and a community of women, of property and rights, ſhall crown the triumph of philoſophy, and of republicaniſm."

A STORM, which had been riſing in the weſt, now began to pour down floods of rain; and we parted, with a mutual promiſe of meeting again.